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SAXON OR SLAV?—THE EASTERN QUESTION

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2240

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899

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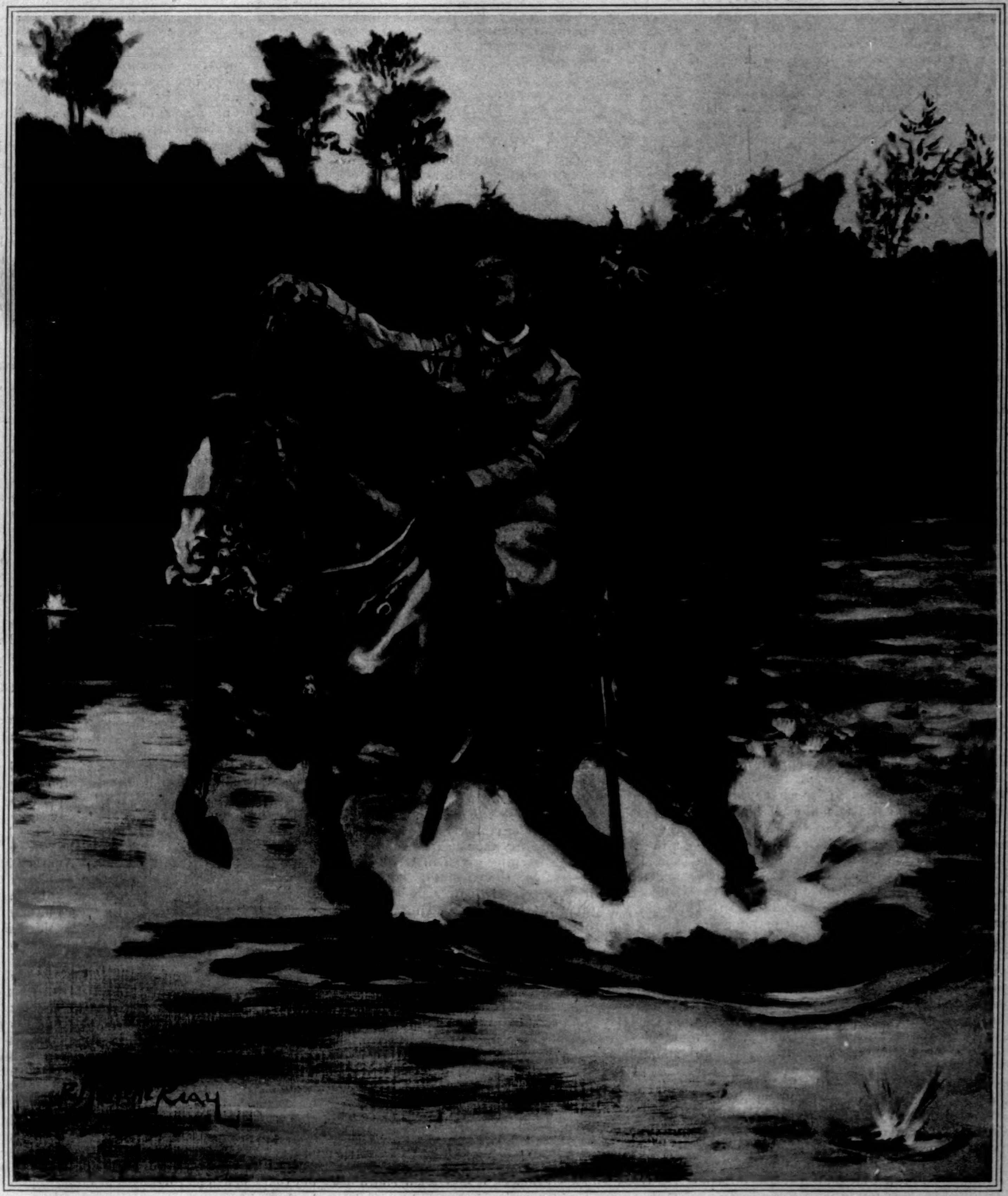


"WHY THEY WAITED FOR NEWS FROM MAFEKING."

DRAWN BY R. M. REAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

The Need of Legislation for Our Colonies

WHAT shall be the best form of government for any colony is a problem that demands the serious attention of statesmen, and in our own case we have an additional term in the problem. We have governed Territories, it is true, but these have been within our own boundaries, under the control or influence of our own race, and we have been able to leave to them a large freedom in the management of their own affairs. If we are now to govern after the manner, for instance, in which the English govern their crown colonies, or the Dutch govern in the East Indies, we shall be obliged to think of our own institutions in preparing our system, and square the new colonial governments with these institutions. The Hawaiian Commission evidently bore this in mind, and their bill, if enacted into law, would establish a government of distant territory that would be characteristically American.

The island of Puerto Rico is ours by cession from Spain. It is now practically without any but military government, although in some of the cities the people are permitted to take part in the management of their local affairs. It is said that the President intends to establish civil government at an early date, at the same time that it is announced that Congress will not legislate on the subject. Therefore we cannot believe that the President expects Congress to neglect its duty, for he cannot establish that civil government without the authority of the law-making branch. He is governing Cuba and Puerto Rico under very much the same kind of authority—the authority which natural law gives to him to see that government shall not lapse anywhere within the confines of the United States or within its jurisdiction, temporary or otherwise. Besides, he has the authority of the conquest and the treaty. But he has only the military arm under his command with which to carry on government in these territories, for with that arm he can police any territory belonging to the United States.

Congress should at once set itself at work, however, to establish permanent government in Puerto Rico, and to legislate on the subject of taxation in Cuba. The President's powers are limited to administration. He must accept the laws he finds upon the statute-book so far as they apply. Under these laws he has felt himself bound to treat Puerto Rico as within the jurisdiction of our coast-trade laws, so that its exports and imports to and from the United States must be carried in the vessels of this country. Puerto Rico, for some reason, is also held not to be within the customs jurisdiction of the United States, so that her products do not stand on an equal footing with those of this country; while the sugar of the West Indies under our control and in our possession must pay duty, the sugar from our possessions in the Pacific enters the country free. Although, under Spanish rule, the Puerto-Rican and the Cuban were enormously burdened by taxes for the army, the navy, and the Church, which they now escape, taxation in Puerto Rico is more burdensome now than then. She cannot sell her tobacco or her coffee, because the heretofore free ports of Spain and Cuba, her principal customers, are closed to her by tariff charges.

Here at least is a necessity for legislation for Puerto Rico, for which, under the Constitution, Congress alone can make rules and regulations. It may not be so clear that Congress has jurisdiction over Cuba. The treaty with Spain provides only that the United States shall occupy the island, and "shall assume and discharge the obligations that may *under international laws* result from the fact of its occupation, *for the protection of life and property*." This is a larger grant of power than is apparent on the face of the treaty. In reality it makes it necessary that the United States shall maintain a complete government, for only a government with executive and judicial powers can fully "protect life and property." Therefore, we should say, Congress may legislate for both islands; and if it may, it ought to. Puerto Rico should be given as complete a government as possible, with a civil service based on the merit system—a kind of service that may be a model when the time comes for framing other colonial governments; and this service should require an education in the Spanish language, and in the customs, prejudices, and personal habits of the people to be governed. Where the legislative function should reside is a question. In Puerto Rico the experiment of a local legislative body may well be tried. If it works at all, it will be much better for us and for the islanders than legislation by our own Congress, distant as it is, and ignorant of the needs, the feelings, the customs, and the prepossessions of those to be affected by the laws. At present, however, the only legislation must be that of Congress, and the longer it is postponed, the less likely is it to be conceived in the proper spirit—perhaps the less likely is it to be enacted at all.

1896—1899—1900

HARPER'S WEEKLY recently sent an inquiry to leading Democrats—Governors of States, members of Congress, and members of the National Democratic Committee—whether the sentiment of the Democratic party in their communities was in accord with the Ohio Democratic platform, which emphasized anti-expansion, an anti-trust plank, and the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. We have received answers from thirty correspondents in twenty States and one Territory. Twenty-seven of these leading and influential Democrats unhesitatingly declare that they and the party in their States find the Ohio platform a satisfactory expression of their opinions on these three subjects.

The twenty States include eight Southern States—Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Arkansas, and Kentucky; six Far-Western States—California, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado; Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, New York, and New Jersey. The Territory of Arizona should be grouped with the six Far-Western States. These States cast a very large part of the Democratic vote, and will control the National Democratic Convention.

If, then, these various reports be trustworthy—and they are from good observers of opinion and influential men in the party—there can be little doubt that the national Democratic platform will be a repetition in substance of the Ohio platform on these three subjects. The party will commit itself to anti-expansion, to wholesale opposition to trusts, and to the old silver plank. Indeed, it needed no canvass of opinion to warrant such a prediction; but these letters confirm the judgment of every accurate observer. Both the Democratic platform and the Democratic candidate are determined, with much greater accuracy than usual, a full half-year in advance of the convention. So, too, are the candidate and the platform of the Republican party.

But letters from these Democratic sources in the State of Washington and in Georgia contain a note of warning about expansion, corresponding with the warning given in Ohio, Iowa, and Massachusetts, by the election. "On this subject," writes our Seattle correspondent, "the Democratic party in this State (but not if I and others can help it) may follow the Ohio Democrats. If so, the Republicans will carry the State by an unprecedented majority." And from Georgia: "I am in favor of dealing with the Philippine Islands as we are pledged to deal with Cuba—guarantee them independence as soon as they are able to maintain it. In the mean time we should make it clear that we are in favor of standing by our soldiers now in the Philippines, and of supplying as many men and as much ammunition as are necessary to put down the present insurrection."

Any wholesale declaration against trusts will be rhetorical rather than practical; a sweeping anti-expansionist platform will drive a part of the party into the Republican ranks. The one subject of the three which, strange as it may seem, continues to have a cohesive quality, is free coinage. The free-coinage plank may not receive the strongest emphasis in the platform, but it is the one subject on which the BRYAN party can hold together.

We shall have a free-silver campaign again next year, musty as the issue is.

England and Europe

NO sooner does England get into any sort of difficulty with a foreign power than a large number of American journals give themselves up to the manufacture of "European coalitions." There were several exquisite products of this kind during the Armenian agitation, the Venezuelan fuss brought forth another, and at the time of the JAMESON raid a devotee of that portion of the American press for which the politics of Europe have no mystery must have been expecting, from edition to edition, to hear that the allied fleets of France, Germany, and Russia had swept the Channel clean and were comfortably at anchor off Gravesend. The Chinese crisis was drawn upon unsparingly for similar predictions, and now that England has on her hands a costly and troublesome war with the Transvaal, we are told once more that the hour of retribution has come, and that Germany is about to recoup herself here, and Russia make demonstrations there, and France avenge Fashoda somewhere else. It hardly needed Lord SALISBURY's quiet reference to these rumors, in his Guildhall speech, to make intelligent people see things as they really are.

Coalitions are a good deal easier to speculate on than to bring about. Even for pacific purposes it wants the highest diplomacy to induce the nations of Europe to act together, and there is no guarantee, as the last European concert showed, that their united efforts will result in anything useful. For warlike objects, it is worth remembering that there has been no coalition since the coalition against NAPOLEON. There have been several attempts at one, but they have all fallen through, and each succeeding year shows the great powers of the world less and less anxious to draw the sword. Moreover, in the present instance there is this very practical deterrent—that the war with the Transvaal, arduous as it is, leaves England's real strength unimpaired. So long as the British navy remains unengaged, foreign nations will think twice before attempting to provoke a conflict.

This is not to deny that there exists on the Continent an intense and permanent hostility to Great Britain. The hatred of America that ran like a tornado from Paris to St. Petersburg at the outbreak of the Spanish war is as nothing compared with the venomous enmity cherished for England. Except in Italy, where it thrives on the memory of England's help in the war of unification, and also in part on the Vatican's opposition, there is no cordiality felt by the people of any European country for the people of the United Kingdom. Even when the official relations are all that could be wished, as they are this moment with Germany, the people still maintain their deep-seated dislike and suspicion. The willingness to wound is always there.

Englishmen wonder casually, from time to time, why this should be so, but the reasons are not hard to find. It is the unforgivable crime of Great Britain that she has had a hundred years' start in the race for trade and empire, and now that the great nations of Europe are turning all their thoughts in these two directions, it is not to be expected they should feel kindly towards the power that has occupied most of the best places of the earth, and for many years held an easy supremacy in the world's commerce. Envy of England's greatness, stability, and success is the greatest element in the hatred felt for her. Another ingredient is a hearty and instinctive dislike for the British national character, and especially for that portion of it which comes out most prominently in politics—its unctuous rectitude. A third is the keen resentment at England's self-chosen position of splendid isolation.

It is an old reproach against England that she is a bad European. Her attitude during the Spanish war was of course only another proof of the justice of the reproach. More and more is England drifting away from Europe to intrench herself behind her empire. PALMERSTON's idea of making England an active power in the chancelleries of Europe is no longer the idea of British statesmen. She stands alone because she so chooses. There is not a nation in the world except the United States that would not pay any price asked for an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain. But it is her deliberate opinion that she can best preserve her imperial position by declining to enter into any such agreement, and this indifferent attitude gives her an enormous strength. It makes her the real, if unacknowledged, arbiter of Europe, and if it exasperates other nations, it also prevents them from carrying their resentment too far.

SAXON OR SLAV?—THE EASTERN QUESTION

BY HON. JOHN R. PROCTER

WHILE not unmindful of the grave problems thrust upon us as a result of the war with Spain, the American people should give immediate attention to the greater problems of the Far East—that most momentous world-drama about to be enacted in eastern Asia. Writing in the spring of 1897, I ventured on the following prediction:

"More than six hundred years ago the great Mongol empire threatened to absorb western Europe. Now the expanding empire of the Slav threatens to absorb the descendants of the Mongols, and to establish an empire more powerful than the all-conquering empire of Genghis Khan. The presence of Russia in the Far East, and the possibility of a combination between Russia and China, followed by the awakening of China from her sleep of centuries; the extension of French dominion in Indo-China, Siam, and Madagascar; the partitioning of Africa and the islands of the Pacific among European powers; the industrial growth of Japan and her entrance into the family of nations as a great naval and military power; the completion of the great military highways from Halifax to Vancouver, and from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok; the rapid peopling of British Columbia and our North-Pacific States, and of the Amur and Manchuria districts—all tend to change the front of the world, and to transfer to the placid Pacific the national activities which for three centuries past have rendered the Atlantic the theatre of stirring events. We must expect points of vantage in the Pacific to be occupied."

During the year following the publication of the above, Russia occupied Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, with practically the right to dictate terms to all that vast region north of the Great Wall; Germany seized by force Kiao-chau and contiguous territory; Great Britain occupied Wei-hai-wei; France obtained Kwang-chow Bay opposite the island of Hainan; and the United States annexed Hawaii and acquired the Philippine Islands; and Italy has put in a claim for a part of Che-kiang Province; and Japan for Fu-kien Province, opposite her recently acquired island of Formosa; and this country has just acquired sole ownership of the island containing the most important harbor in the Samoan group.

In addition to the above acquisitions China has been forced to assume various responsibilities with regard to her future intercourse with Western powers, and to grant numerous concessions for the building of railways to penetrate all parts of that vast and populous empire. As the treaty powers will claim the right to enforce the fulfilment of these engagements and concessions, obtained by threats from a helpless government, in direct opposition to the wishes of the great mass of the people, we have the basis established for the interference of these powers in the domestic affairs of China. This interference of Western powers has no justification as a movement of civilization against barbarism, for whatever may be said against the corruption, conceit, and ignorance of the mandarinite, we must admit that the conservative civilization of China has endured through many centuries, and the great mass of the people are contented, sober, and industrious, with traditional habits of obedience to and respect for authority; and measured by even our Western standards of civilization, it is very doubtful if we can find elsewhere in the world 400,000,000 of as contented and well-to-do people.

Whatever may be the right, we must face the inevitable. Great Britain would gladly have joined with the United States in guaranteeing the integrity of China, but alone she was powerless to interfere; and accepting the best she could get, she acquiesced in the division of China into "spheres of influence," which is but the first step—if not arrested at once—towards the partitioning of the Chinese Empire among European powers.

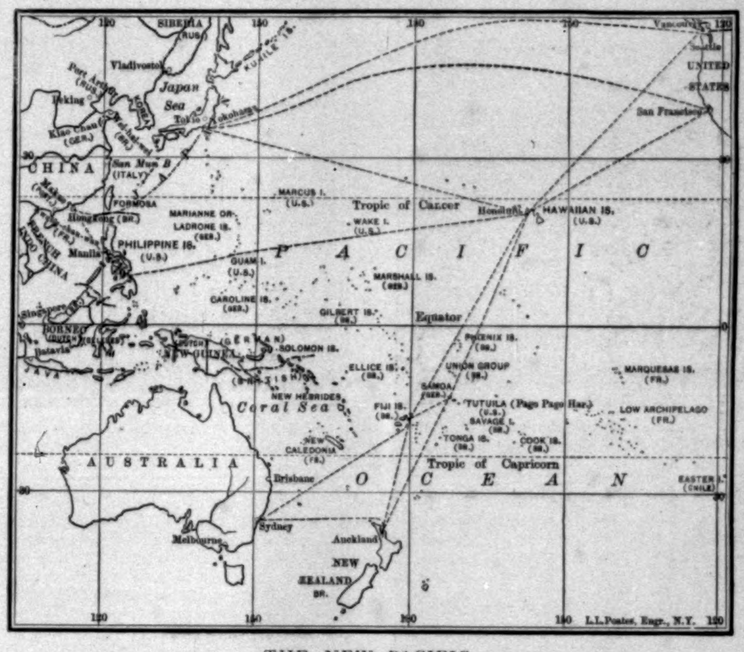
The value of the trade of Great Britain and the United States with China now amounts to six times as much as the combined trade of Germany, France, and Russia with that country; consequently these two countries may be said to have paramount commercial interests in China. These are also the two countries having the largest frontage of coast-line on the Pacific and Indian oceans, and they thus have paramount political interest in the future of the millions of Chinese fronting that ocean. Our trade with China must in time exceed the enormous trade of Great Britain with that country. We at last realize that, because of our abundant resources, the skill of our workmen, and the efficiency of our machinery, we can successfully compete with any and all countries for the markets of the world; and as our capacity for production grows more rapidly than our capacity for consumption, this country, more than any other, is interested in preserving China from partition among European powers.

We need have no illusions as to the effect of such a movement upon our agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests. Certain European countries, not having the same abundant stores of superior coals, iron ores, fibres, and other raw products, realize that open competition is impossible; and having the inherited mediæval system of governing colonial or foreign possessions for the exclusive benefit of the home government, impose discriminating duties upon imports into all regions brought under their control. An example of this system is shown by the French occupation of Indo-China and Madagascar. The United States consul in Manchester, England, writes (United States Consular Reports, 1898), "The new duties on cotton goods in Madagascar, which came into operation in October last, are likely, in the estimation of persons engaged in this trade, to all but extinguish the consumption of any but French goods."

As yet Great Britain and her colonies take the bulk of our exports, and as these are the world's greatest traders, it will be to our interest to cultivate commercial relations with them. The British colonies of Australasia trade abroad to the value of $80 97 per capita (not including the great value of trade between the colonies); Cape Colony, $84 13; Canada, including British North America, $60 77. And as these countries will increase rapidly in wealth and population, their foreign trade must correspondingly increase.

Russia trades abroad to the value of $4 85 per capita, and China to the value of only 71 cents; Japan, $5 06; India, $2 12.

The internal commerce of China is great, and with the building of railways and improvement of river navigation there will be an enormous increase in her foreign trade. As an evidence to what extent the building of railways will increase foreign trade, even of a densely populated country, consider the experience of British India. In 1850, before the introduction of railways, the imports into that country amounted to £10,299,887, and the exports to £17,312,299, while for the year 1897 the imports amounted in value to £71,914,697, and the exports to £103,914,297. Should the foreign trade of China reach only the value per capita of the present increasing foreign trade of Japan, it will amount to over two thousand millions of dollars each year, and even then it would be but one-sixteenth as great as the per-capita foreign trade of the new countries of Australasia. From the character of the population, it is reasonable to assume that with the introduction of railways the foreign trade of China will amount per capita to as much as or more than that of South America. Should it reach the value of $15 per capita, which is less than the per-capita trade of South America, it will aggregate as much as the enormous foreign and inter-colonial trade of Great Britain and all her colonies and possessions. While our exports to South America have but slightly increased from 1880 to the present time, they have increased over tenfold to China for the same period, and as yet we have hardly made a beginning. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, the United States exported to each of the grand divisions as follows: Europe, 76.33 per cent.; North America, 12.87 per cent.; South America, 2.91 per cent.; Asia, 3.94 per cent.; Oceanica, 2.43 per cent.; Africa, 1.52 per cent. Our exports into Asia, Australasia, and Africa have greatly increased within the past few years, and we may reasonably expect a much larger increase in the immediate future.



THE NEW PACIFIC.

This country is threatened with a serious danger, which may be averted by a firm stand with England, Japan, and possibly Germany, for what is known as the open-door policy. This danger is not so much in the threatened loss of the markets of Asia, potential as they may prove in the future, as it is in the driving of England and her colonies into an imperial federation and customs union by our present tariff policy at home, and a hesitating and vacillating policy in the Far East.

If England is forced, as an alternative, into the "sphere of influence" policy in China, she will obtain as her sphere the region drained by the Yangtse River, supposed to contain a population amounting to 250,000,000. Add this to the peoples already under her control, and she will have a grand aggregate of 650,000,000, or nearly one-half the population of the globe, with a capacity of unlimited increase in wealth and population.

It is estimated that the unoccupied lands in the Canadian Northwest, convenient to deep harbors and suited to the cultivation of wheat, could, if under cultivation, furnish food for 800,000,000 of people. Add this to the possibilities of Australasia and South Africa, Egypt, India, and other regions under the British flag—all increasing in population and wealth, and we begin to realize the magnitude of the producing possibilities of the British Empire. When England finds that she can obtain from her colonies food for her people and raw material for her factories, and feels more keenly the competition from this country in her colonies, may not our present system force her to put a slight duty on foodstuffs and fibres from other countries, while admitting them free from all members of the imperial federation, provided the latter will admit free the products of Great Britain and other colonies? Thus would inter-imperial free trade be extended throughout that vast and growing empire, as it is now extended throughout the United States. Viewed from our own interests, this idea has made alarming headway in the past few years.

In Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office as the avowed advocate of the freest trade relations between that country and the United States. As late as 1895 Sir Richard Cartwright, the present Minister of Trade, said that "free trade with the United States is vastly more valuable to Canada than free trade with all the rest of the world with the United States left out." And it was intimated that the Liberal party of Canada was willing to adopt a policy which would amount to discrimination against Great Britain. It was in the power of this country to adopt a policy which would have caused Canada to regard the trade with this country as essential to her prosperity. Our Dingley tariff was the response, and let us see how great has been the change. Within two years these same men adopted a policy giving a preferential advantage of 25 per cent. to imports from Great Britain, and under the action of this policy Canada is learning commercial independence. The foreign trade of Canada increased more for the years 1897–8 than for the entire eighteen years prior to the adoption of the present policy. The Canadian exports to Great Britain increased almost double as much in the two years following the Queen's Jubilee as they had during a period of twenty-three years preceding that event. As these preferential rates have but recently gone into full effect, we must expect an increasing gain in imports from Great Britain at the expense of the imports from this country.

One of the main features of the recent federation of the Australasian colonies is the provision made looking to preferential duties in favor of British and inter-colonial trade. A South-African federation will follow, and will have the same conditions.

When we see what has been accomplished on the above lines in the past few years, and that the partition of China means exclusion from Chinese trade and the forcing of a British customs union, and that this country—to which foreign markets are yearly becoming more and more essential—may be thrown back upon its own home markets and those of South and Central America, we realize how great is the danger. Canada, with one-sixth the population of South America, buys from this country more than twice as much each year as do all the South Americans. British Africa imports already from this country more than twice as much as the remainder of that continent, while the value of our exports into Australasia has quadrupled since 1880, the largest increase being in the past few years.

In view of these facts, it behooves this country to keep open to our products the markets of England and her colonies. I believe this can be assured by the early adoption of the following policies: (1) By placing our tariff on a revenue basis.* (2) By admitting free to this country the products of Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, and allowing each of the above to put a duty for revenue on imports, applicable alike to this country and all countries giving equal trade privileges to those islands. (3) By uniting with Great Britain, Japan, and probably Germany in guaranteeing the integrity of China, and demanding that our rights acquired under the treaty of 1858 with China be respected, and proclaiming that our political and commercial interests in China are paramount to those of any European power. For these reasons our government should declare (applying the language of the Monroe Doctrine) that: "In the wars of European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for defence. With the movements in China we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of the Chinese Empire as dangerous to our peace and safety, and as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

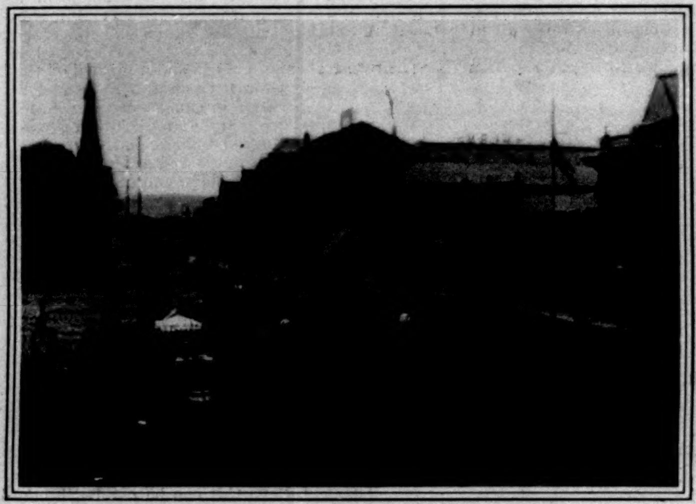
China with its teeming millions has been brought by steam and electricity nearer to our shores than was South America in 1823, and our Aleutian and Philippine islands extend almost to the shores of Asia.

Of the world's stores of coal—the potential basis of sea power and industrial and commercial supremacy — the English-speaking people control 90 per cent., not including the vast deposits in China. Our Pacific coast-line is separated by over ten thousand miles of dangerous seas from our Atlantic seaboard, and should Russia come into the possession of the coal-fields of northern China and develop into a great naval power, a disturbing factor will be introduced into the Pacific Ocean.

Along the lines of an immediate, bold, and determined stand by the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan lies the path of peace and safety for the future. Hesitation or vacillation now is but to invite wars and possible disaster in the future. The decision must soon be made which will determine whether the principles of constitutional liberty and self-government, represented by the civilization of the Teutonic races, or the repressive absolutism of the Slav, shall dominate the world.

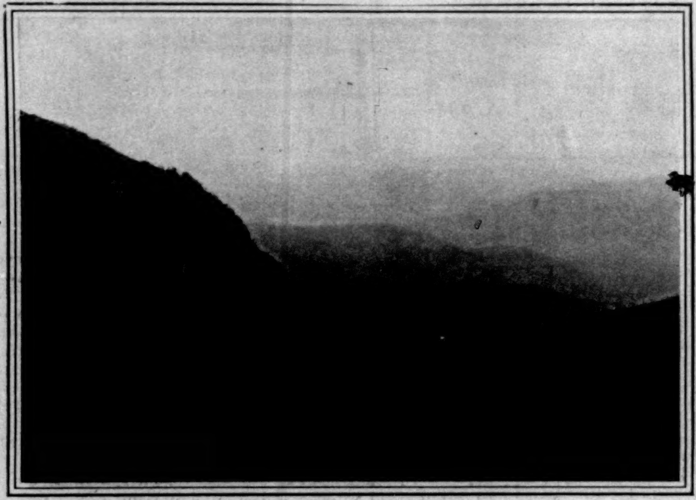
* In this connection it must not be forgotten that Sir Robert Peel, who came into power in 1841 as a protectionist, has his principal claim to immortality for having forced the passage of a bill looking to free trade in 1846. Speaking of this, Peel said: "I will not withhold the homage which is due to the progress of reason and of truth by denying that my opinions on the subject have undergone a change. . . . I will not direct the course of the vessel by observations taken in 1842."

PIETERMARITZBURG, THE CAPITAL OF NATAL, FROM THE EAST.



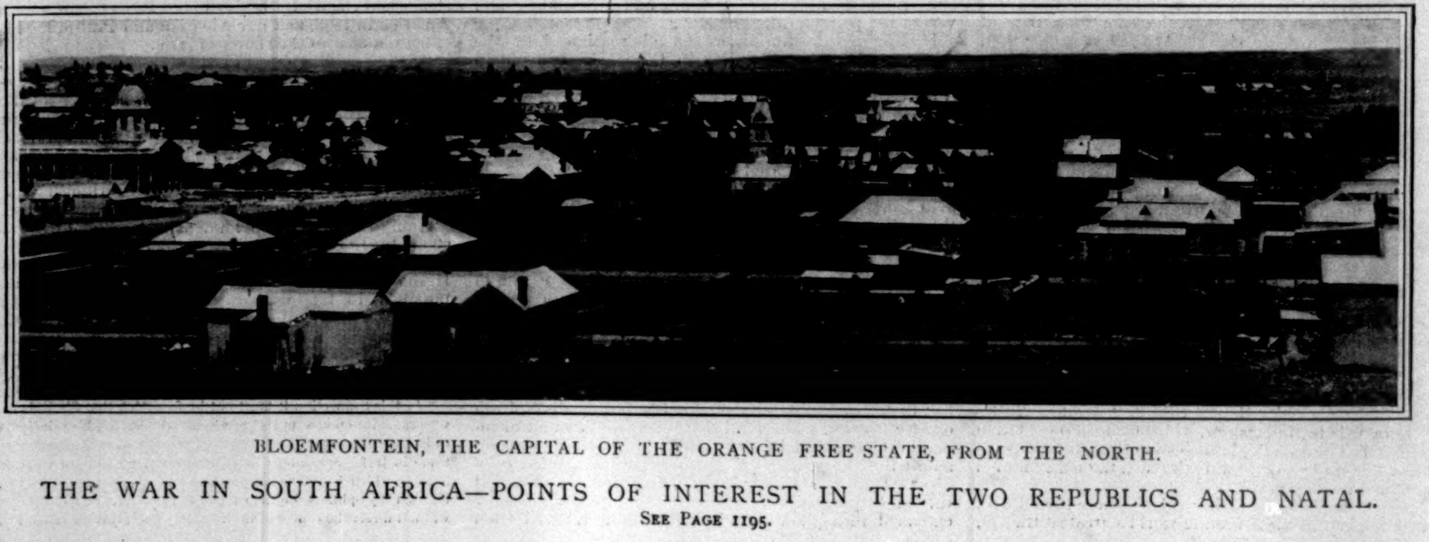
RISSICK STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

DURBAN AND THE BLUFF, NATAL.



MAJUBA HILL—SCENE OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER IN 1881.

WEST STREET, DURBAN, LOOKING EAST.



BLOEMFONTEIN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE, FROM THE NORTH.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE TWO REPUBLICS AND NATAL.

SEE PAGE 1195.

COMMANDEERING HORSES FOR THE BOER ARMY.

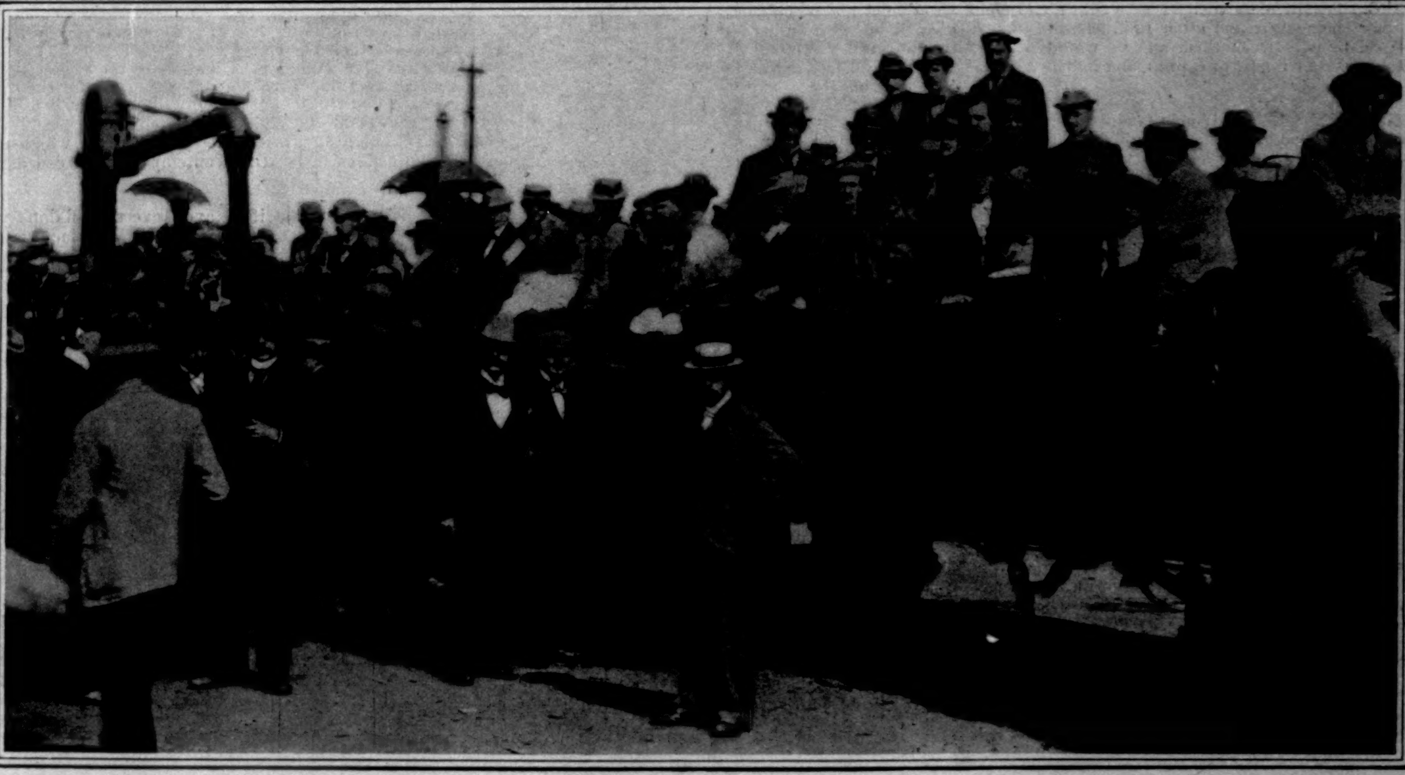
South Africa

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"]

CAPE TOWN, *October 18.*

I HAVE been here but three hours when I learn that I must write you at once or keep your readers waiting a week. All well-informed Americans know the situation at this moment. War has been declared. Where the main body of British troops is stationed in Natal the Boers have left the mountain passes and come down on the low ground. If they can be devoured there the British will march straight forward to Johannesburg, but it is the British policy to keep wholly on the defensive until their full strength of men is in the field. On the other side of the seat of war the Boers have bottled up the English in Kimberley, and cut off all communication between them and their friends in the Cape Colony. The railway runs through several hundreds of miles of desert, and the Boers have torn it up at two points. However, Kimberley is well fortified in a strange way. The heaps of débris dug out of the deep pit in which the diamonds are found already form a chain of high earth-works all around the Diamond City, and it is said to be impossible for the Boers to capture the place. Cecil Rhodes happened to be there when the railway was seized, and he is unable to get away. I have just seen a cable from London offering any newspaper man five hundred dollars to pass through the country held by the Boers and get an interview with the great leader, whose ambition, more than that of all the English combined, has led to the assertion of British supremacy in South Africa, which is to bear fruit in a great war, the only end of which can be the subjugation of the narrow-minded, fanatical farmers who have interposed their little state in the way of nineteenth-century progress. It is said that the Boers meant to arouse sympathy by magnifying the severities of war which the English would bring about, but already they have made this impossible. Their own barbarities shock even their blood-relations in this colony. They are stripping and robbing all the fugitives who pass them in their flight to the English ports. They are stripping women, seizing the earnings of the negroes who have been discharged from the diamond-mines, whipping with rhinoceros gonds those upon whom they find no spoils, and perpetrating outrages such as I cannot write and you cannot publish. This is not only a war in which both sides will for the first time use modern weapons and explosives; it is not only the first engagement the British have had with white men since the Crimea; it is above all else a conflict between nineteenth-century ideas and seventeenth-century fanatics.

LESTER RALPH.



LOADING REFUGEES ON COAL-TRUCKS AT JOHANNESBURG.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IF it is still on any one's conscience that the big United States cruelly interfered with feeble Spain in her management of Cuba, he ought to make it his business to read such reports as those recently issued by General Wilson, Military Governor of Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces, and General Ludlow, Military Governor of Havana. The story they tell of work done and improved conditions is vastly gratifying, even though they agree that the condition of Cuba is still bad and the need of help very pressing.

Speaking of the agricultural provinces which are his concern, Governor Wilson points out that before the war the competition of beet sugar had so cut down the profits of sugar-raising in Cuba that after the tribute to Spain was paid there was nothing left to the people of the sugar provinces, so that it was a mere choice whether they should die in war or die of want. He reiterates, what most of us know, that if intervention had been a little longer delayed there would have been no agricultural population left alive in Cuba. But intervention saved many, and those that are left have enough to eat, and will live. The great industries, however, of Matanzas and Santa Clara are sugar-raising and cattle-raising. Sugar-farming takes a great deal of capital, and cattle-raising takes cattle. At present there are about 85,000 cattle in the two provinces, where before the insurrection there were 1,250,000, and sugar-raising is almost at a standstill. There must be an inflow of capital to stock the lands again, and start the sugar-mills and plantations. Before capital can come in sufficient quantity there must be assurance of settled government. Neither General Wilson nor General Ludlow expresses any uneasiness about the maintenance of order. They both say the Cubans are taking hold well, that they co-operate willingly and efficiently with the Americans, that they appreciate what they have to learn and are doing their best to learn it, and that they grow more and more appreciative of the value of a responsible authority that will maintain order, and less impatient of the continuance of American co-operation. That there are harmony and progress in Cuba now, and that the Cubans will in time be able to manage their affairs, both generals attest.

THERE are order and security now, and they will be maintained, and there are to be no revolutions, and, as General Ludlow in an interview says, "no shot-gun republics." "What Cuba needs now," says General Ludlow, "is capital." General Wilson says the same thing when he writes that "the solution of the sugar question, and of the other questions of trade affecting this island, is the first step towards the successful solution of every other question." General Wilson's suggestion for the immediate relief of the Cuban farmers is that the insular treasury should allot funds for the purchase of cattle, agricultural implements, and seeds, to be sold to them on long time, at a low rate of interest. His idea of a method of insuring a condition of peace looks towards the prompt establishment of a local independent republican government, and "the negotiation of a treaty of alliance and commerce between Cuba and the United States which shall give practical effect to the Monroe Doctrine, define the rights, privileges, and duties of both the contracting parties on all subjects of common interest, and leave Cuba free and independent in all other matters." That, he thinks, would give the Cubans a chance to show their fitness to become American citizens, which, he thinks, is the best thing that can happen to them. But meanwhile a treaty that would give them a market for their sugar and other products, and establish close relations between them and us, would restore confidence, cause an inflow of capital, and induce a high degree of prosperity.

GENERAL WILSON'S judgment favors setting up this independent local government, closely allied by treaties with the United States, at once, or "as soon as the results of the census about to be taken can be made known." General Ludlow seems to favor more deliberate processes; for, since his recent return to New York, he has said that it will be a long time before the Cubans are entirely fitted for self-government, and that the more intelligent Cubans, who clamored at first for immediate independence, "are the ones who now want us to remain until the time comes when there will be no danger of Cuba's being unable to stand alone." Yet this apparent difference of opinion between General Ludlow and General Wilson may not actually amount to as much as appears, for the treaty between the United States and the Cuban government, which is part of General Wilson's plan, would provide "for the guarantee to the people of Cuba of a republican government, and that it should be both peaceable and stable." When we help the Cubans to set up a republic, and guarantee its peacefulness and stability, we shall probably reserve means to make our guarantee good. That implies some degree of supervision; and, indeed, General Wilson's proposed treaty provides for the administration of the customs of the island under the supervision of the United States, for the cession of one or more naval stations, for the establishment of a postal union, and of uniform quarantine and sanitary laws, under supervision of a United States commissioner, and for the regulation of other matters of mutual concern, so that the tie between the United States and the Cuban Republic would still be intimate.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, whose portrait is given in this issue of the WEEKLY, is one of the most widely known Americans of his generation. He was senior Professor of Mathematics of the United States Navy, and director of the Nautical Almanac, until his retirement, at the age of sixty-two, in 1897. He is still Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Johns Hopkins University. The record of his scientific discoveries, and the medals and other honors he has received from scientific societies at home and abroad, are much too long to be given here. He went abroad last May to attend the centenary of the Royal Institution in London. While in Europe he received a degree from Cambridge University, was elected a member of the *Bureau des Longitudes*, and represented eight different national academies at a convention of scientists at Wiesbaden. During his absence from home he was elected president of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America. This week he is attending the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New York.

FIRST Assistant Postmaster-General Heath has made a special report on rural free delivery, and says that it has passed the experimental stage and is an established success. It began in 1896 with an appropriation of $40,000 and 44 experimental routes. An appropriation of $300,000 for the current year has provided for 383 routes in 40 States and Territories, and the collection and distribution of over nine million pieces of mail-matter by 391 carriers. A good many of these routes already pay for themselves by the increased postal business which has resulted from them. One in West Chester, Pennsylvania, had a balance of $598 to its credit at the end of nine months, after paying expenses. Among the results of this rural service are increased postal receipts, increased value of farm-lands, improvement of country roads, better prices for farm products (because the farmers are in closer touch with their markets), and an abatement of the monotony of country life.

It is obvious that this new detail of postal enterprise must be a boon to every family it reaches. The success of the experiment so far seems to promise a vast and progressive extension of one of the greatest benefits of civilized government. Here is a field in which the people's money can be spent to immediate and important advantage; and one beauty of the scheme is that if it continues to be wisely handled the investment it calls for promises to become promptly remunerative even in money.

CREDIT seems to be given to the report that the grave of Paul Jones has been found in Paris, and it is proposed that as soon as Congress meets it shall be asked for money to bring the admiral's bones across the seas for interment in this country. A number of Senators and Representatives are quoted as favoring this plan; and, indeed, it may be taken for granted that if the bones can be identified as those of Jones, they will be brought over and consigned to American soil before the end of the present open season for admirals. The only notable relic of Admiral Jones which the government possesses is the flag of the *Bonhomme Richard*, which is now in the National Museum in Washington. It is said to be the first edition of the stars and stripes raised on a war-ship.

THAT was a soldierly remark that General Ludlow made the other day anent his own prospects of future usefulness. He said he had always hitherto been under the orders of some superior, and that he expected to continue in that condition to the end. The prevalent notion about General Ludlow when he was appointed Governor of Havana was that his ability was excellent, his integrity absolute, and his temper somewhat impatient. There was doubt if he was bland enough to get on with the Cubans. The popular view as to his ability and integrity has been more than confirmed, but if he ever had a hasty temper he must have left it at home, for there has been no hint that it has ever hindered his usefulness in Havana. On the contrary, men who claim to know about his work laud him as a long-suffering soldier and admire his patience under all circumstances.

General Funston, too, showed what civilians, at least, will regard as a fine soldierly spirit in what he is reported to have said at a dinner given in his honor on November 10, at Kansas City, Missouri. "I am not a hero," said Funston:

> "I don't feel like one. Just an officer is all I am, who has been very fortunate because the officers and men under him have never failed to follow when he went somewhere. I know that it has been my lot to receive the major portion of the honor that belongs to the men. I give them three-fourths and claim only a share of the rest. There were and are a great many officers and men in the Philippines who have done braver deeds—braver were never done—and whose names pass with no cheer. They never get into the papers."

He went on to tell of an instance when he had asked for sixteen volunteers for extra-hazardous work, and had got fifty; and he complained that since his return home he had "heard not one word of Captain O'Hara, who was one of the bravest and most efficient officers in the Orient." Few of us are going to believe that Funston has had much more credit than was his due, whatever he may say about it, for we appreciate, perhaps more fully than he does, the value of leadership. But still, his deprecatory talk is very comforting, and helps the belief that the fine and much misunderstood virtue of meekness is not dead in our world. Moses, it will be recalled, who held the record for meekness in his day, was irascible in his youth, and smote a bullyragging Egyptian so that he didn't get well; and much later he broke the tables of the law in his wrath, and committed some other indiscretion which made it inexpedient that he should enter the promised land. So, for all his meekness, it is apparent that he was a man of vigor, and not a pulp. But as for fame (to go back to that and to Funston), the marvels of its allotment during the past eighteen months are fit to excite some merriment in the philosopher's bosom. It isn't that the wrong men have usually been lauded (though there are cases of that), but that in so many instances there has been so immense a concentration of applause on one worthy individual, while a big group of others, equally or almost equally worthy, have been overlooked. No one has ever said a better thing about fame than Praed in the verse:

> I think the thing they call Renown—
> The unsubstantial vapor,
> For which the soldier burns a town,
> The sonneteer a taper—
> Is like the dust, which, as he flies,
> The horseman leaves behind him.
> He cannot see its clouds arise,
> Or, if he does, they blind him.

To work, to shoot if need be, for duty's sake—that is the hero's part; and the charm of it is that you seldom can convince him that he is a hero. He will tell you, like Funston, that the other fellows did the work, or, like Ludlow, that he expects always to take orders from some one. The finest thing about Expansion is the expansion of soul that comes to some liver-saddened gentlemen from cleaning up messes of misrule, and struggling to fetch ashore the human wreckage of oppression.

IF Mr. Deming's pictures, on another page, of the new zoo in the Bronx Park, stirs any reader of the WEEKLY to go there, it will be a good result, for the zoo and the park are worth many visits. What is needed to make them thoroughly popular is a line of balloons to take folks there; but for the present, by taking the Harlem Railroad to Fordham, one gets within half a mile of the park entrance. There are ways of combining the services of the Third Avenue Elevated with those of sundry trolley lines, and so getting to the Bronx zoo, or you may go on a bicycle.

The park is pretty, and the hand of man is fast adding to its interest if not its charm. The animals are already strong in numbers and good in quality, and there will be many more. There are very well stocked snake-houses and bird-houses; there are a fine herd of elk, a herd of buffalo, various lots of deer and antelope, a small moose, a small caribou, seals of great merit, and some excellent bears and wolves, foxes and prairie-dogs. Within an enclosure crossing a stream there is to be a colony of beavers. All these animals are hardy and wear overcoats. There are no warm-weather quadrupeds as yet, except the alligators in the bird-house. The paddocks are big, and the dens are big for dens. The animals have good spirits and appear well. The attractions of the zoo are great enough already to make up for the trouble of getting to it, and that is a good deal to say. It is an excellent thing that has been done for New York in putting these creatures where they are.

THE instigators and abettors of the Cuban Orphans' Fund have lately emerged from their provisional organization into one that will be permanent, and have enlisted in their enterprise the energies of many astute and progressive women, who will share the responsibility of seeing that the orphans get what is good for them. One of the first-fruits of this step will be a fair, held early in December at the Waldorf-Astoria, for the benefit of the fund. Report says that it will be a fair which no one who aspires to be truly contemporaneous can afford to miss.

IT is possible that if we avoid excess, and don't worry, we may live to see a Chamberlain Doctrine formulated and given out, which will do for Africa what the Monroe Doctrine is expected to do for the Americas. That possibility and our current tendencies to expand make it the more interesting to recall that there is a piece of Africa which some persons speak of as America's first colony. It is Liberia, and though it isn't ours, and though no one has yet suggested that we need it, we take an interest in it, and are glad to remark that it is enjoying a prospect of commercial prosperity. It appears that in 1871 Liberia managed to borrow half a million dollars, chiefly in England. It paid interest for three years, and then stopped. But lately the Liberian Rubber Syndicate, an English concern, has been paying royalties to the Liberian government, which in turn has begun to pay its interest. It compromised for $75,000 its creditors' claims for twenty-five years of back interest, got the rate reduced from 7 per cent. to 3, and now has prospects so good that French encroachments in Liberian territory begin to be looked upon with displeasure.

Count von Stahlburg (Mr. Hawood). *Sir Edward* (Mr. Henton). *Sherlock Holmes* (Mr Gillette). *Alice Faulkner* (Miss Florence). *Dr. Watson* (Mr. McRae). *Therese* (Hilda England).

"SHERLOCK HOLMES," NOW PLAYING AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.
Act IV.—"It is barely fourteen minutes past."

Two Successful Plays

THE new things in the theatrical field lately have been trifles. The best of them, Mr. Gillette's humorous melodrama, or melodramatic comedietta, founded on Dr. Conan Doyle's amusing detective stories, is nothing more. A comedietta one may surely call it, since Mr. Pinero was permitted to apply that diminutive to another four-act piece of vastly greater claims to consideration as an imitation of life—"Trelawny of the Wells." But one may call it what he pleases, and I fancy Mr. Gillette will not care, so long as the people crowd that lucky little house, the Garrick Theatre, to applaud his play, and his own acting of the wonderfully apt, penetrating, resourceful, daring, but humorous detective.

It is impossible to take this detective very seriously, but the whole race of Lecocqs and Vidocqs have had their day; they do not belong to the age of electricity, and only Mr. Gillette's exquisite lightness of touch and his humor save Sherlock Holmes on the stage. I have heard this new piece described as "Bowery melodrama"—a favorite expression, by-the-way, of the folks who have no memory at all of the Bowery's halcyon theatrical days. But I cannot imagine it in any contemporary theatre equivalent to the old Bowery, and do not believe it will ever thrive except with reasonably sophisticated audiences. Mr. Gillette has made a very free use of ideas derived from Conan Doyle's sketches. Sometimes an incident seems to have been deliberately transferred from the book to the play, until the dramatist audaciously twists it to a new end. In a detailed recital of the incidents of the play, such as I do not intend to undertake, a reader of the book would recognize many of Dr. Doyle's choicest inventions, yet, except in its principal personage, who is clearly Doyle's own detective, the latest development of the species, the play is more surely Gillette's than Doyle's. The deftness of construction, the novel use of ancient device, the defiance of established rules of play manufacture, the odd effects of contrast, the lightness and fantasy of it all, are due to the ingenuity and skill of that least conventional of our playwrights.

The play deals almost wholly with crime and criminals, and would be harsh and bitter stuff if it were really "Bowery melodrama," for there is a very small portion of sentimental relief, and that counts for nothing, or next to nothing, until the last scene of the last act. But Mr. Gillette's method, which it is easier to commend than to analyze, leaves the subject without a hint of gloom, excepting in part of Act III., when the unfortunate absence of the cheerful protagonist from the stage, and the too lingering and conscientious "preparation" for a murder which obviously cannot be committed, cause one to yawn, if not to shudder. But elsewhere, even in a scene in the thugs' headquarters, underground, the action goes on buoyantly. One views the burglars, cutthroats, side-alley operators, and the executive criminals without horror, and with as little of the sense of being in bad company as one ever feels, under the influence of romance, in the presence of the arch-villain in poetical drama, for instance, or of Napoleon Bonaparte, in either of the two plays in which that personage has figured in New York lately.

Pictorially, nothing could be much more instructive. Gillette is always particular about his pictures. He it was who first insisted on muddy boots and splattered uniforms for the soldiers in war plays. He is equally careful and inventive of those minor illusions (so helpful to the general illusion) in this kind of drama produced by the use of lights and of illustrative noises behind the scenes. Each picture in "Sherlock Holmes" is revealed slowly out of pitch-darkness, and fades from view slowly or quickly as best fits the character of the scene. The rising and the falling of the curtain are invisible. The disturbances "off stage" are capitally managed. In all such details the performance is as close as possible to the facts of our every-day life. In the acting, too, the influence of an alert, observant stage-manager is perceptible. Every character, with the possible exception of *Moriarty*, the arch-villain, that veritable demon of crime, is played in a moderate and lifelike way, and each is supplied with a profusion of little touches of "business" which never produce the effect of fussiness or over-elaboration. Probably Mr. Wessells is right in lending some of the manner of romantic drama to *Moriarty*. That incredible monster could hardly be acted with merely every-day emphasis.

As for Mr. Gillette's acting, its cleverness is not as indisputable as his constructive and inventive skill in stagecraft. His personal force is appreciable and he is popular, though mere popularity cannot be counted upon by any actor from year to year. As *Sherlock Holmes*, Mr. Gillette employs his invariable delivery, which lacks any sort of variety of expression, and his facial play is of the slightest description. Yet he seems to generally convey the impression he desires to convey to the spectator's mind. In those episodes in which the hero bears himself with calm audacity in the face of imminent danger he is indeed admirable. When he expresses the weariness of *Holmes*, his self-disgust, his growing dislike for the trickery of his calling (that trickery, mind you, that is the staple of the play), it seems that he satisfies the general imagination. It would not be possible to speak accurately on such a point. The ordinary theatre-goer cannot analyze the impressions he receives in the theatre. But to me Mr. Gillette's manner in *Holmes's* serious moments—sentimental and otherwise—does not seem to perceptibly differ from his manner when he tells *Billy* to bring in the cabman.

What I most like about the play is the general deftness of its construction, the skill in which an involved and impossible story is set forth with a maximum of action and a minimum of talk. There are no explanatory "asides" and illusion-destroying soliloquies. Literary charm, however, is wholly dispensed with. The humor is appreciable, and much of it is Doyle's own. But it is stuff that best fits in an acting play, and not the sort that reads well. As a general thing the quality of the dialogue, in the lighter passages, is no better than in this bit:

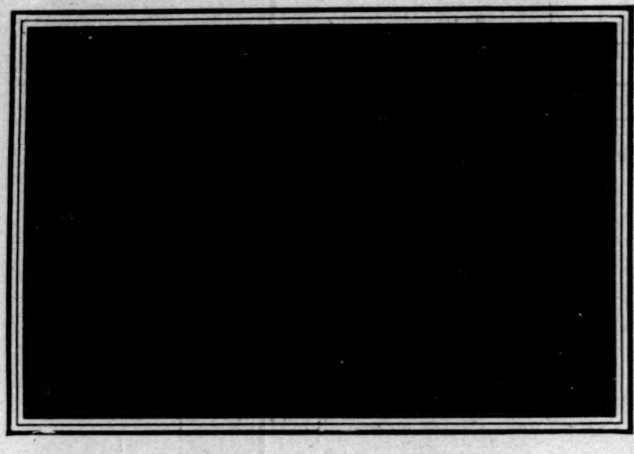
Holmes. Is the lady old or young?
Billy. Old, sir.
Holmes. Handsome?
Billy. Four-wheeler, sir.

MAY IRWIN,
In "Sister Mary," Bijou Theatre, New York.

The return of May Irwin to town has been an occasion, as usual, for much rejoicing. I fancy that Miss Irwin fairly begins the "season" for some folks, as the first night of grand opera begins it for others, and the first symphony concert for persons of still different inclinations. In this hour of her triumph Miss Irwin really draws folks to the theatre that do not habitually support plays and acting, or even variety shows, to which her performances are so closely akin. Miss Irwin has personality, voice, expression, experience, sense of effect and artistic proportion. Sometimes in her variety farces she permits herself to act. She is supported by Herbert Gresham, a capable comedian who is not a "mugger," this year, and she has a scene or two with him in her new piece called "Sister Mary," which are real comedy of a simple sort; but as a general thing her doings have no more artistic verity than contemporary "vaudeville" demands.

She might, doubtless, have been a notable actress. Perhaps she will take up the drama, or return to it some day, but for the present her course is clear. The late Harold Frederic, they say, wanted Miss Irwin to act *Sister Soulsby*, in a dramatization of his master-work, "Theron Ware," and maybe she will, though I, for one, should view with apprehension an attempt to turn that story into a play. Meanwhile Miss Irwin will sing her songs, which nowadays are not all ragtime, in her inimitable way, and keep herself in the centre of extravagant goings on, pictorial, terpsichorean, and farcical.

Edward A. Dithmar.



A CASSIOPEID, SHOWING BREAKS MADE WITH THE REVOLVING SCREEN.

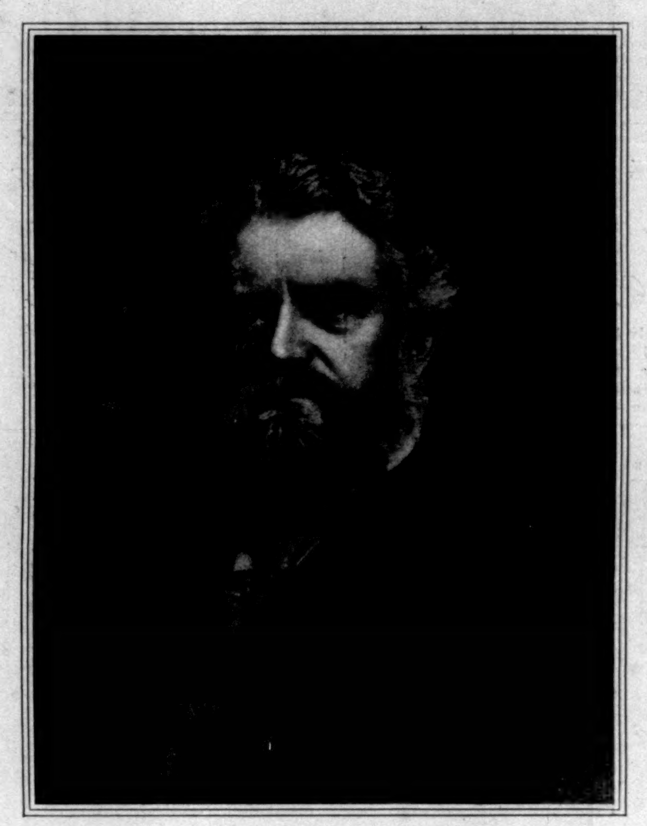
A PERSEID METEOR TRAIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF METEOR FLIGHTS MADE BY WILLIAM L. ELKIN, PH.D., YALE UNIVERSITY.

November Meteors

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, when referring to the November group of meteors as "something comparatively new," makes a computation which would show that it became a member of our system at the time of the Trojan war, roughly speaking; and of Leverrier's attempt to fix upon the year 126 of our era as the probable date of this event, he says that neither the position of its orbit nor the time of revolution is yet known with such accuracy as to inspire confidence in this conclusion. One who undertakes to trace the life story of the Leonids, as these meteors are sometimes called, must therefore content himself with a rather indefinite statement at the outset, saying that, at some time not yet exactly determined, a comet wandering in the celestial spaces passed so near to the planet Uranus that it was deflected from the path it had been travelling and given a new direction, which brought it within the sun's control. Perforce it then became a regular attendant upon our system. Its new orbit—a great ellipse—carried it to a point as near the sun as the earth is; then away to the inconceivable distance of more than 1,770,000,000 miles, or just beyond the orbit of Uranus; then back again to graze the earth's orbit, accomplishing the entire distance in a little more than thirty-three years.

This visitor was discovered by William Tempel, in December, 1865, and observed by other astronomers in the early weeks of 1866; but long before the presence of "Tempel's comet" was detected the swarm of particles following it in its orbit had aroused the wonder of observers in all parts of the world. The November meteoric showers occur when the earth encounters this swarm. If we adopt the most approved theory, we may fancy the cloudy mass of Tempel's comet whirled along in its orbit, suffering gradual disintegration, and detaching little by little the particles which composed it, to follow in its appointed path, though not by any means at regular intervals. The swarm of meteoroids is now unequally scattered all around their orbit, the thickest portion extending along about one-fifteenth of the course: such is the cluster which the earth encounters once in 33.25 years. In other words, as the orbit in which the meteoroids revolve around the sun intersects the orbit of the earth at the point which the latter passes about the middle of November, once in 33¼ years the earth meets the more thickly clustered particles, and a meteoric shower is seen; at other times the cluster has not arrived at the point of crossing, or has already passed it, and we have only the comparatively slight meteoric display of ordinary November nights. Moreover, the point of intersection of the two orbits moves forward about 52″ per annum, or nearly a degree and a half a century, owing to a change in the position of the meteoric orbit. During the present century the dates of the culmination of this interesting event are November 13, 1833, November 14, 1866, and November 15, 1899.



SIMON NEWCOMB, PH.D., LL.D.
Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Navy (Retired), and Professor of Astronomy at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1833 the display was of a character so extraordinary that the accounts of it which have been preserved show quite plainly that great fear seized upon many of those who beheld it, and in reading these accounts we are at liberty to make allowance for the effect of fear upon the imagination. Thus we may read that "never were snowflakes thicker in a storm than were the meteors in the sky at some moments."

The most ignorant and superstitious members of some communities had no doubt whatever that the end of the world had come; and while it seemed as though the entire heavens were falling, the only sounds heard were the cries and prayers of these wretches, for all the terrific splendor of the skies was absolutely noiseless. A very pretty story of the time, and one that has perhaps not yet found its way into print, brings before our mental vision one fearless little figure—that of a child, to whom the apparent nearness of these bright things and the silence of their falling suggested merely the delight of the snow, inviting him to put out his hand to catch the shining flakes.

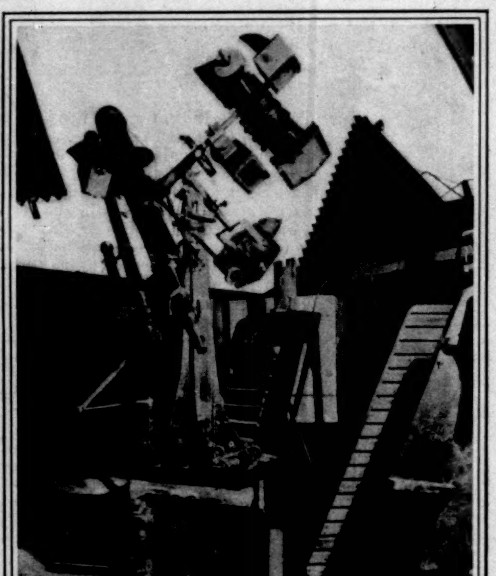
When a period of about thirty-three years had elapsed after this memorable date it was found that the cluster had lost somewhat of its power to overstimulate the imagination, or possibly the earth did not pass through its densest portion; at any rate, the meteoric showers of 1866 made a slighter impression upon the minds of men and children.

Professor Newcomb is disposed to think that a more even distribution of the particles along the entire orbit has been taking place, and that as the members of the cluster gradually part company and are distributed along the great elliptical course, future generations may enjoy a creditable display each November, but nothing overpowering like that in 1833, unless a new meteor strays in from the unknown.

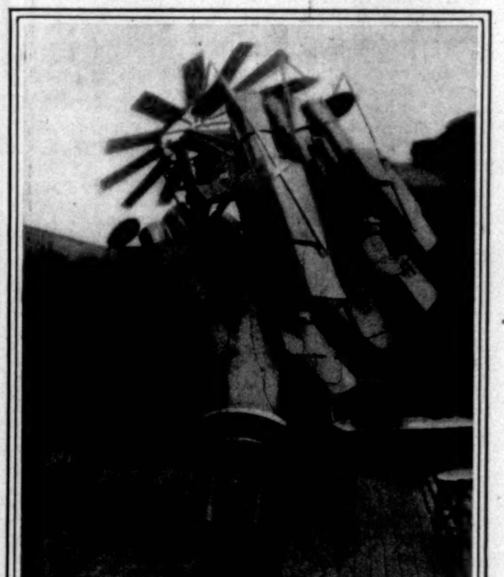
Perhaps the child's conception of meteoroids as snowflakes is worth dwelling on for a moment, because we actually have to do with particles of matter quickly consumed when they are hurled into our atmosphere, somewhat as though they were snowflakes melting in warm air.

If the earth, which moves in its orbit at the rate of 98,000 feet per second, met a meteoroid at rest, our atmosphere would strike it with a velocity that would raise its temperature nearly 600,000 degrees; but we know that the meteoroids which produce the November showers move in a direction nearly opposite that of the earth, with a velocity of twenty-six miles per second, so that the relative velocity with which the meteoroids enter our atmosphere one hundred miles above the surface of the earth is forty-four miles a second. Accordingly the air acts upon them as if it were heated up to a temperature of between three and four million degrees; that is, it burns them in a second, more or less, except where large masses of metal are concerned, and only an impalpable dust sifts down, to mingle with our soil, or find lodgement in the snows of mountain-tops, or at the bottom of the ocean. But in that fervid second the most brilliant illustration of the laws of perspective is offered that can be found in the whole realm of nature.

The "shooting-stars" seem to move north, east, south, and west, toward all points of the compass, and yet they are actually moving in the same direction, in parallel lines. Trace their apparent paths backwards, and you find that they all appear to meet at the same point in the heavens (the so-called "radiant point"), in the constellation Leo. Of course it is not a point at all, but a region whose extent we may measure—the region from which they issue being precisely equal in extent to that field of vision in which they are so gloriously consumed.



APPARATUS IN USE BY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FOR PHOTOGRAPHING METEORS.



THE METEOROGRAPH AT THE YALE OBSERVATORY.

AN EXPERIMENT IN ATAVISM. *By Henry Gallup Paine*

TO look at Ambrose Atwood, one would scarcely have suspected the latent savagery of his nature. He did not suspect it himself until he came across a copy of *Typee* and read with delight that wonderful South Sea idyl. Of course he had felt, as most men do at times, an indefinable longing to break away from the restraint and conventionalities of civilized life, and to get closer to nature. Each recurring spring would find him moved by some strange internal stirrings to flee from the deadly routine of office-work and to go out into the woods, there to revel in the rejuvenescence of the world, to mark the delicate greens of the newly budding trees, to smell the damp earth, and to fill his lungs with the sun-warmed air. But as there was more money in the deadly routine of office-work than in getting close to nature, and as Ambrose could scarcely have lived on less than the small wage he worked so hard to earn, he stifled his vernal yearnings, bought a spring suit instead, and laid plans for his two weeks' vacation. This brief respite from business cares he was wont to spend, from mere force of habit, in some inexpensive hotel in the Catskills. Owing to his reserved manners and diffidence with women, he usually had a rather lonely and stupid time of it, and found himself obliged to leave just as he was beginning to get acquainted. As he laid his unsatisfactory experiences to any cause other than the real one—himself—he always shrunk from a second summer in the same hostelry, and so cut himself off from the advantage of meeting familiar faces and taking up the dropped threads of informal summer-resort life. More than one nice girl had felt a pang of disappointment when the summer passed without her meeting again the shy, good-looking young man she had just begun to know and to like the year before.

It is difficult to get very close to nature in a pot hat, boiled shirt, and store clothes, and as Ambrose did not think it worth while to invest in a special wardrobe for the short time he spent in the country, he never got much farther than what might be called a nodding acquaintance.

But one spring—a particularly mild and seductive spring—he came across Herman Melville's entrancing picture of island life in the South Pacific. He contrasted it with the endless round of bookkeeping and boarding-house, boarding-house and bookkeeping, that made up his own monotonous existence. It did not seem possible that conditions so different could exist on the same planet; but a subsequent browsing among the scanty literature on the subject convinced him that such was the case. All at once he conceived for his business and mode of life an unconquerable loathing. Neither had ever been to his taste, but his mediocre talents had prevented his changing either the one or the other. Now, when he contemplated the possibility of passing the remaining forty-five years allotted him by Scripture in the same dreary fashion, he felt that he could never touch another saucer of prunes or strike another trial balance.

"Why," he asked himself, as he cocked up his feet on the bureau and tipped back his chair against the wall—"why do I spend all my days on a high stool in order to spend all my evenings in a hall bed-room? Simply from the habit of living. Besides, I have no reason to believe that I should be any better off if I should relinquish the habit. And while I may never be any better off than I am now, I am at least a great deal better off than a great many other people." Putting his thoughts in words seemed to ease his mind somewhat, so he continued:

"Of course there are a great many people better off than I am—cashiers, heads of departments, travelling salesmen, partners, bankers, railroad presidents, millionaires—but as my talents do not appear to lie in any of those directions, it would be foolish in me to repine on that account. But here, confound it! are a lot of human beings leading a perfectly ideal existence, close to nature, free from care—and free from clothes, for that matter—living in a balmy climate, amid beautiful scenery, spending their days in bathing, boating, and fishing, their evenings in singing and dancing, and not having to work one-tenth as hard as I do, no, not one-twentieth, to enjoy all that. What is more, none of the labor, such as it is, that is necessary to maintain life in such a state but is perfectly within my capacity. I may not have the ability to run a business, a bank, or a railroad, but I can gather a bread-fruit from the tree or pull a taro out of the mud as well as any South Sea Islander now, and climbing a cocoanut-tree is only a matter of muscle and practice."

The logic of Ambrose's argument was irresistible—at least no valid objection occurred to him—and he resolved to shake off the dust of West Broadway and East Eleventh Street at the first opportunity, and to cast in his lot with the happy islanders of the Pacific. Whether, if Ambrose had possessed the necessary funds to pay his passage, he would have made up his mind so quickly, it is impossible to say. As it was, the idea took complete possession of him, and he really believed that as soon as he could save up the money he would start at once. He seemed to feel within him the spirit of some forgotten savage ancestor, and he wondered if it were not possible that this overpowering passion was due to the outcropping of some long-suppressed strain, and if he were not in this way obeying some imperative mandate of heredity. Such at least was the apology that environment demanded of imagination. Whatever tricks heredity might be playing with him at this time, however, environment had had a hand in making Ambrose an eminently practical and methodical young man, and he at once began to apply these qualities to the apparently fantastic project on which he had determined.

In the first place, he ascertained that the journey could scarcely be made under a cost of three hundred and fifty dollars. With strict economy he thought he could save that amount in about four years. This would give him plenty of time in which to make up his mind in which group of islands it would be best to settle, and also time in which to perfect himself in those arts in which he would be expected to compete with the natives.

Melville's glowing descriptions at first inclined his mind to the Marquesas, but the fact that a recent writer had stated that with their many amiable qualities the Marquesans were still believed to cherish a fondness for human flesh proved, on further consideration, to be a decided objection. Moreover, he learned that the well-meaning missionaries, in abolishing the tapu system, had unwittingly done away with the entire sanitary code of the islanders, and that in consequence they were dying off so fast that they had lost most of their old-time gayety.

Tahiti he did not think would suit him. What he read of the natural immorality of the natives did not appeal to him, and the statement that they sought relief, in almost universal intoxication, from the restrictions imposed by the good missionaries on their free and easy manners did not add to the attraction of a continued association with them. From any point of view the Tahitians seemed rather too gay for Ambrose Atwood's taste.

The name at least of the Friendly Islands had an agreeable sound, and Ambrose learned in addition that the Tongans were the most capable, and naturally the farthest advanced, in the arts of civilization, of all the Polynesian race. Unfortunately, however, the islands were mostly low, and he gathered from an interesting if not altogether accurate account that in those where the scenery was more varied the mountains were chiefly volcanoes in an exceedingly uncomfortable state of activity.

Taking everything into consideration, Ambrose decided to settle in the Samoan, or Navigator's, Islands. What he learned of the unstinted hospitality and good-nature of the Samoans, their scrupulous neatness, and the strength of character which had kept them from falling victims to the imported vices that are depopulating so many other groups, would have settled the question for him apart from such considerations as the natural beauties of the islands, and their healthfulness.

Atwood's idea was to go to Apia with enough money to secure a small tract of land on which he could cultivate such food products as he would need for his own use, and a grove of cocoanut palms to furnish copra sufficient to purchase such articles as he could not grow or make himself. About this time Ambrose unexpectedly received a slight addition to his salary. Six months before he would have greeted it as a merited, if inadequate, recognition of his ability as a financier, and as an encouragement to persist in his ambition to become a "prominent citizen." Now he regarded it simply as a means the sooner to cast aside all such sordid notions, and to carry out his determination to become a free and happy lotos-eater. He realized, however, that this would not only involve a violent change in his habits, but that he should have to grow his own lotos, and he began to feel the necessity of a course of training to fit him for his new career of comparative idleness and unaccustomed labors. While Ambrose was ready to lapse into barbarism, he wanted to do so gracefully. A man can become a millionaire as awkwardly as may be, and affect to regard the jeers of the populace as the clamor of the envious, but when he voluntarily backs down the ladder he does not like to be laughed at, especially by those whom he has chosen for his associates.

So on second thoughts Ambrose decided to use a part of his increased income in acquiring a practical knowledge of as many of the accomplishments of the natives as possible. Long as he might to join the brown islanders in their water sports, it would be quite impossible to do so unless he learned to swim. Thrill though he might as he imagined himself scudding in his canoe through the intricate channels among the breaker-beaten reefs, he would scarcely thrill more than once in actual practice unless he first learned how to sail and to paddle. Thirst as he might for the delicious water of the green cocoanut, the fruit might ripen before his eyes if he could not climb up and pluck it. It was rather humiliating for him to find how much he should have to learn to become any sort of a barbarian, but he consoled himself with the reflection that he could probably attain the necessary athletic requirements as quickly as a Samoan could be taught how to keep a set of books.

The summer was now coming on, and it was time for him to put his new theories into practice. The extreme end of Sandy Hook is a wild, uncultivated tract of land owned by the government, now used as an artillery proving-ground; but at the time that Ambrose desired to go in training for a South Sea Islander it was only inhabited by a few fishermen squatters who built their huts among the scrub pines. As soon as the boats began running to the Hook, where they connected with the New Jersey Southern Railroad, Ambrose went down, and making friends with one of the fishermen, built himself a little cabin near by. Here he spent the summer, getting his own breakfasts and suppers, and making up for deficiencies by a big noonday meal at a restaurant in town. He rose early and practised swimming in the quiet waters of the Horseshoe or in the surf, as the whim struck him. He bought a canoe, in which he daily paddled the two miles to and from the steamboat dock when the weather and tide permitted. On Sundays and holidays and on his two weeks' vacation he accompanied his friend the fisherman on his trips, and took lessons in sailing and fishing. It was pretty rough work, not at all such as he expected to find in the Navigator's Islands; but it was healthy, hearty, open-air life, and getting about as close to nature as a man can get who is keeping books all day in New York.

In winter Ambrose joined an athletic club and practised swimming every day in its great tank. Such was his energy that he soon became one of the star aquatic performers of the club, and could do all sorts of interesting stunts, and was promptly placed upon the water-polo team. And every evening before his swim he spent half an hour in the gymnasium, a great part of which time was occupied in climbing up a tall pole. By the time the summer came around again he could walk up that pole with the aid of a strip of canvas in a loop about both ankles, just as he had read the islanders walked up a palm-tree, and do it as many times as he calculated would equal the height of the tallest cocoanut-tree that he thought he would be likely to meet.

It had taken all the resolution that Ambrose possessed to carry him through his first summer at the beach, but in the spring he could hardly wait until the boats began to run and he could go down again.

All this exercise and healthy mode of life was making a new man of Ambrose Atwood. He came to his hated bookkeeping with so much reserve energy and eager desire to get it over with that he found that he could accomplish twice as much as before. His employer also found it out and advanced him again and again. He was now doing a much better class of work, and was in the direct line of promotion. Yet each advance meant to him only "so much nearer the Pacific."

Suddenly his only aunt died and left him a few thousand dollars. His employer was about to offer to take Ambrose and his legacy into partnership when Ambrose astounded him by resigning and announcing his intention of going to the South Seas. The proposition smacked so of lunacy that the hard-headed man of affairs did not even urge his employé to reconsider his determination, but contented himself with engaging an expert accountant to examine the books, and counted himself lucky when they were found correct in every particular.

As soon as the legal formalities would permit, Ambrose left all his property but a thousand dollars in the care of his aunt's lawyers, and went to San Francisco, where he laid in a stock of tobacco, knives, calico, toilet soap, and such other articles of constant use as pass as currency among the Samoans. The Australian steamer on which he loaded his "trade" and himself stopped off Tutuila long enough to unload both into the schooner which in those days awaited the vessel's arrival, for passengers for Apia. The verdure-clad island, vivid with brilliant flowers and surrounded by white-capped reefs, filled his eye, kindled his imagination, and satisfied his judgment. He was glad that he had come. It was a hundred miles' sail still to Apia, and Ambrose was all-impatient to arrive at his journey's end, so that he might settle down amid the cocoanuts and bread-fruits and banana-trees, and the beautiful hibiscus flowers, and give himself up to the dreamy South Sea life of which he had read so much, and of which the fulfilment was so near at hand. And when at length the lofty mountains of Upolu broke upon his enchanted gaze the next morning as the rising sun flooded their glorious green summits, he knew that he had reached the enchanted isles at last.

It would be pleasant to linger with Ambrose and to describe all the beauties of the island which gradually unfolded themselves to him, as the schooner made its way through the inlet in the reef into Apia Bay (whose horseshoe shape he egotistically augured as an omen of good luck to himself), but others whose observation has been at first hand have forestalled such a possibility. This is not a guide to picturesque Samoa, but an account of the effect on Ambrose Atwood of the perusal of such literature and of the outcome of his experiment in atavism.

Apia at that time had already redeemed itself from its unsavory appellation of "the hell of the Pacific," its government being in the hands of American, British, and German consuls. The houses and warehouses of the foreign residents formed a single street that stretched along the beach.

While to the ordinary traveller the little settlement would have seemed sufficiently primitive and unconventional, to Ambrose it presented rather the effect of a half-way house on the road to the absolute nature life which was his goal. The people he met, even the natives, were absurdly interested in foreign politics and whatever else was happening in Europe, Australia, and America, even in the fashions—in fact, in everything that Ambrose wished to put behind him and away out of his life. Moreover, the example of foreign residents and the precepts of the missionaries had combined to put a veneer of manners and clothing upon most of the natives who frequented the town, the effect of which was often unpleasantly grotesque.

It was not that Ambrose objected to clothes or delighted in nakedness, but the native costume of the Samoans, though scanty, is appropriate, is graceful, is sufficient, and is modest, while such European garments as they affected, out of deference to foreign convention and prejudice, were usually uncouth and often awkwardly worn. It was clear that in the first stages the Samoan made a very unsatisfactory white man, and Ambrose could not help wondering if he would make any better appearance in his efforts to lapse into barbarism. On the whole, he thought he would, since he would be working on a carefully laid plan and with a due appreciation of the fitness of his new mode of life to its surroundings. At the same time he felt that he would be better satisfied to conduct his experiment in its earlier stages in a somewhat secluded spot, and as far as possible from Caucasian observation.

Upon inquiry, he discovered that the outlying island of Taiafiafi filled all his requirements. It was quite removed from the ordinary course of travel and commerce. It had never had a resident missionary, and the two white traders who had recently lived there had both succumbed to the influences of "square face" (trade gin), their mutual hatred, and forced companionship. The details of their taking off were vague but lurid.

This was the very place for Ambrose, and he at once made his preparations to go thither. First he engaged a canoe and a fine crew of satin-skinned young giants; but when they learned his destination they demurred, owing to a long-standing feud between the two islands. They finally compromised, however, by agreeing to land him at Fanuatapu, an island where there was a white missionary who owned a small cutter, and who would doubtless be glad to land him at Taiafiafi on his next trip. And with this somewhat uncertain arrangement he was forced to be content. The bulk of his trade he left on storage in charge of the American consul, taking what he judged would be about a three months' supply with him in a whale-boat, which is the usual means of communication between the islands. For himself he scorned so civilized a method of transportation.

It would be difficult to describe Ambrose Atwood's feelings as, sitting in the stern of the canoe, he turned his back on Apia and set his face toward the haven of his hopes. At last he was on the South Sea, with none but South Sea Islanders about him. It was the home of which he had dreamed. The brown backs of the sturdy crew gleamed in the sun as the powerful strokes of their paddles sent the strange native craft over the waves. In the exhilaration of the occasion he too cast aside the garments of civilization, and wrapping a lava-lava about his loins, seized the paddle of the nearest native and took his place in the boat. The surprised exclamations of the man attracted the attention of the others, who turned to view the unaccustomed spectacle. It was not for nothing that Ambrose had put in three summers with the Sandy Hook fishermen and as many winters in the gymnasium of his athletic club. His body, bronzed by constant exposure, was almost as brown as those of his companions, and exhibited a degree of muscular development which compelled their admiration. Old Tanoa, the steersman, shouted: "Malie! malie! Fa'afetai taipale!" (Bravo! bravo! Thank you for the fine paddling!)

It was almost sunset when they approached the landing-place at Fanuatapu, and Ambrose was astonished to see the crew stop work and begin to put trade shirts on over their handsome bodies, while Tanoa handed him the clothes he had laid aside in the morning, and waited for him to don them again.

"What for?" inquired Ambrose; and he was informed that the good missionary who lived at Fanuatapu preferred that all his flock and all visitors to the island should appear in the presence of God and of Mr. Hathaway's family with more garments than the island fashions prescribed. God, who had made man after His own image, and quite naked at that, was satisfied if the extra garments were worn at church, but Mr. Hathaway and his wife and daughter were more particular, and required men and women alike to cover their bodies at all times. This, the steersman added, was interpreted to mean when they were likely to be observed by the Hathaway family. As so unwonted an occasion as the visit of a white man would of course bring them all three to the beach, this was an obvious occasion to make the concession to their prejudices. Tanoa then politely expressed regret that Ambrose, or Amapolosi, as he fondly called him, was not a missionary, and declared that, from what he had been able to gather of his views, he would have a large following, and that the people would derive a great deal of comfort from his religion.

Ambrose could not help admiring the consideration which the natives showed for Mr. Hathaway, and he was forced to believe that the missionary must be a man of many good points and lovable nature to win such cheerful and unquestioning compliance with his wishes. He looked forward with interest to meeting the gentleman who was to be his nearest white neighbor, and on whose good-nature he must rely to be ferried to Taiafiafi.

Ambrose's experience with missionaries had not been large, but from some of his early Sunday-school experiences he had brought away with him impressions of rather gaunt and severe-looking men of dyspeptic tendency, clad in long rusty black broadcloth coats, high-water trousers, and antediluvian head-gear. It was accordingly hard to reconcile his preconceived notions with the appearance of the portly and pleasant gentleman who met him and cordially welcomed him to Fanuatapu. Mr. Hathaway's white linen sack suit, white silk shirt with white silk scarf tied in a sailor's knot, and Panama hat, suggested the idea that whatever understanding existed between him and his flock in the matter of costume had been reached on a basis of mutual concessions.

Ambrose presented the letter of introduction he had brought from the American consul, and the missionary insisted on his becoming his guest during his stay. Ambrose glanced at the smug little vine-clad cottage next to the little white meeting-house, and accepted with a pang. This was hardly what he had come so far to find, and while he felt he could not refuse the hospitable invitation, he at least resolved that his stay should not be long. He looked at the bright and handsome faces of the native girls who stood about garlanded with wreaths of brilliant flowers and smiling a welcome to him, and despite the ungainly calico garments they wore, he wished that he was to be the guest of the village rather than of the dominie. Then he turned to walk to the parsonage, and his eyes fell on the prettiest girl he thought he had ever beheld.

How describe her? One must have seen her with Ambrose's eyes to do that, in order to produce the effect on the reader that she did on him. Just a shade above medium height, whatever that is, but of so slender a frame that she seemed taller, yet not too slender where slimness may be agreeably dispensed with; her abundant golden hair, a trifle more golden than red, loosely yet neatly coiled at her neck; skin of a brilliant whiteness that did not mind a healthy coat of tan where the sun caught it; eyes hazel; lips full and red; teeth that might have advertised a dentifrice; hands ample but well shaped; feet not too small for every-day use. She was dressed in a sprigged dimity that probably was years behind the fashion; but it was of a fashion that became her—Alice saw to that—and that ought to be sufficient anywhere, and is, where no standard of comparison exists.

"Mr. Atwood, my daughter Alice," said Mr. Hathaway, and Alice said she was glad to see him; and if she looked as if she meant it, it was because the truth that was in her shone forth in her countenance. She was also polite and truthful enough to say that she was pleased that Mr. Atwood was to spend a few days with them. Mr. Hathaway explained that his cutter was hauled out of the water for repairs, rendered necessary by a severe pounding on the reef in making harbor on her last trip.

Ambrose viewed the possible delay in leaving for Taiafiafi with equanimity. What mattered a day or two, anyhow? And doubtless he could gain some useful information from the Hathaways in regard to the natives. Besides, the missionary seemed to have a good deal of influence with them; and then it would be of advantage to him to be on friendly terms with the only white people within many miles. So, as there was no means of going on, Ambrose reconciled himself to staying.

Mrs. Hathaway met them at the door-step and extended a cordial greeting to the stranger. Not many white people came to this remote island, and very few of those who did could be classed as eligible young men. Of course the Hathaways knew nothing about Ambrose beyond the formal introduction of the consul, but appearances were in his favor, and they expressed delight on learning that he expected to be so near a neighbor—Taiafiafi is scarcely twenty miles from Fanuatapu.

There was something very charming and homelike in the little white parsonage—out of place as it seemed among the palms and banana-trees—and in the simple evening meal to which he soon was invited. Ever since his boyhood Ambrose had lived in city boarding-houses, and the pleasant home circle to which he suddenly and so unexpectedly found himself transported, and where he was treated with consideration, was a grateful experience, different as it was from what he had been looking forward to.

In the evening the whole family and Ambrose went to the native village, at Mr. Hathaway's suggestion, in order that the formal welcome might be extended to Ambrose. Kava-drinking was in order, but the soapsudsy and refreshing beverage was prepared Tonga fashion, the root being bruised in a mortar instead of being chewed by the maid of the village and her attendant demoiselles. Mr. Hathaway stated confidentially to Ambrose that kava prepared *fa'a Samoa* (Samoan fashion) was really much better, but that at his suggestion, in welcoming white people, he had persuaded them to adopt the seemingly cleanlier method. Ambrose was sure that the ceremony must be less effective and graceful when performed in the awkward garments worn by the women than in their native costume. He started to say something to Mr. Hathaway in regard to it, but that good missionary, with a look of reproval, asked him if he knew what the native costume consisted of. And Ambrose did not press the subject, and comforted himself with the reflection that he would soon have a chance to find out for himself when he went to Taiafiafi.

The Hathaways withdrew very early. The islanders were anxious that Ambrose would remain, and he would gladly have accepted the invitation had not the entire Hathaway family made it evident from their manner that they expected him to return with them. The little cot-bed in the chintz-hung bed-room to which he was shown was comfortable and cozy. Yet he could not help thinking that a few mats under the thatched roof of a native house would be just as comfortable and a great deal more airy and appropriate.

Ambrose arose early next morning, but found Mr. Hathaway up before him, and together they went down to the shore to inspect the missionary's battered cutter. She proved to be a stanch little craft about forty feet long, very comfortable-looking, but with a very ugly hole in her bow, at which a native carpenter was pottering. At the slow rate at which he worked Ambrose calculated it would not be less than a week before the boat would be ready to be put into the water again. Then they bathed in a secluded cove set apart for the use of the missionary's family.

After breakfast Alice Hathaway took the visitor in her charge, and showed him the various points of interest in the vicinity, including the little church and its adjacent school-house, where her father was superintending the work which was carried on by native teachers. It was very pleasant for Ambrose, who had enjoyed but little of female society, suddenly to find himself on frank and friendly terms with so bright and charming a girl as Alice Hathaway. He did not feel the diffidence with her that had always led him to boarding-houses frequented for the most part by young men, and that had kept him aloof from making acquaintances in his summer vacations. It was as if he were talking to some old friend, and Alice found in him a ready and sympathetic listener. After the mid-day meal the household indulged in a siesta. Stretched in a hammock, thoughtfully provided by Mr. Hathaway on the shady side of the veranda, Ambrose dozed off into pleasant dreams, through which dusky naiads and golden-haired dryads danced and played in tantalizing and perplexing rivalry.

When he awoke he found Mrs. Hathaway, already arrayed for the afternoon, seated knitting on the porch. Ambrose glanced at the thermometer that hung by the door, and wondered to what possible use she could put the product of her industry in that climate. Mrs. Hathaway inquired hospitably if he had rested comfortably, and promptly engaged him in conversation. She was very much interested in the news of the great world from which he had come, and in more personal subjects as well. Ambrose soon found himself chatting very freely with her, and telling her much of his plans and prospects. Mrs. Hathaway smiled now and then, and interjected an occasional remark tending to lead him gently but surely from one confidence to another.

In such quiet but pleasant fashion the days slipped by while the *White Dove*, as Mr. Hathaway called his cutter, was mending. Without appearing to have Ambrose

especially on their minds, always treating him in a quite informal and familiar fashion, it was seldom or never that he went abroad except in the company of one or other of his agreeable hosts. It seemed as if they appreciated their unexpected and welcome guest so highly that they could not bear to miss a moment of his society. But as the work on the cutter progressed, it was Alice who more and more absorbed his attention, and whom he sought out to be his companion on his walks and canoe trips. He seemed never to tire of her presence—nor, truth to tell, did she seem to tire of his. She told him many strange and interesting things about the islands and the people; and he, in his turn, found that he could relate much that was entertaining and novel to her in the life that he had left behind forever. With such mutual confidences the days passed all too pleasantly, and for the first time Ambrose began to contemplate his projected life at Taiafiafi with a certain sense of loneliness. He comforted himself with the reflection, however, that the distance between the two islands was not so great that he could not make his new friends an occasional visit, and he even began to plan the construction of a house that would enable him to return in kind the hospitalities which had been so freely extended to him.

The thought of having Alice under his own roof-tree was an exceedingly delightful one to him, and he dwelt upon it so constantly and so lovingly that suddenly the thought of the roof-tree by itself without Alice under it became indifferent, distasteful, obnoxious.

The *White Dove* was now mended and had received a coat of paint. With a sad heart Ambrose went down to the beach to lend his personal muscular assistance to committing her again to the deep.

"Well," he said to Mr. Hathaway, as he waded ashore and hastened to roll down his trousers legs, "I suppose I have now no further excuse to trespass on your hospitality, pleasant as it has been."

"Oh, you can't get away from us as easy as all that!" laughed the missionary. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait until my new anchor comes from Tongatabu. The *Dove* lost hers at the time of the accident, and it wouldn't do to sail in these seas without one. Nap. Renshaw's schooner went ashore last April near Tongatabu, and I hear her anchor was just about the size of the *Dove's*. Captain Wheedon promised to try to buy it and fetch it up on his next trip."

It was in vain that Ambrose sought to devise other means of continuing his trip to Taiafiafi. Even if he had been really anxious to go, it would have been impossible without the co-operation of Mr. Hathaway, who absolutely refused to travel except in the *White Dove*. Time is an unconsidered factor in island life, and when Captain Wheedon might be expected to turn up with the *Dove's* best bower, or whether he would ever turn up, or would have the anchor if he did, seemed of as little moment as it was uncertain.

So Ambrose staid on perforce. And the longer he staid the more it seemed to him that if life alone among the lotos-eaters had appeared desirable before, life among them with Alice Hathaway would be the highest of all earthly joys. The question then naturally arose, "Why not attain it?"

So far as he was concerned, he could see no objection. For what it would cost one to live in Taiafiafi he could support two—even more. So far as Alice was concerned, she not only satisfied every condition that a sensible man (like Ambrose) could exact in a wife anywhere, but she had the additional advantage of living just where he wanted to live, knowing the people he wanted to know, habituated to the very mode of life he had broken all his old ties to adopt.

But did she love him? He tried to find out in many subtle and roundabout ways, but without being able to satisfy himself—or her either, for that matter. At last on the very day that Captain Wheedon arrived in the *Mary F.*, with the *Dove's* anchor, Ambrose hit on the ingenious device of asking her.

He then learned, with variations, what he might have discovered by a similar expedient some time before. She did.

As for the Reverend Hathaway and his good wife, they were tickled to death, a feeling which they concealed with some degree of success, but at last consenting to the match in consideration of what appeared to be their daughter's happiness.

Ambrose was brimming over with joy and plans for the future. Alice hung on his every word and echoed his every thought. There was no necessity for a long engagement. A trousseau is a simple matter in the South Seas, where there is nothing to buy and little to make. And the same disregard for time that would have enabled them to wait with equanimity a year for an anchor led them to think it would be pleasant to have the marriage before Captain Wheedon returned.

So the preparations went merrily on. Mr. Hathaway alone preserved an unusually solemn demeanor, and had many serious talks with Ambrose. He impressed on his young friend the importance of the step he was about to take, and hoped that he had considered it well in all its aspects. "Alice is a sweet child," he said, "and worthy of the love of any man, but she has seen very little of the world."

"Whar be yer goin' ter take yer bride fer a weddin'-trip?" asked Captain Wheedon, one day, with rough and ready interest.

This was a new suggestion to Ambrose, and with it and another thought that had been bothering him he went to Mrs. Hathaway. He was anxious to give Alice for a present whatever she most desired. Who would know so well as her mother?

Mrs. Hathaway sighed. It was evidently a matter of some embarrassment to her. She hesitated to answer. Ambrose urged her to tell him. Whatever it was, if it were within his power, it should be hers. Again Mrs. Hathaway sighed and shook her head. Ambrose insisted. And Mrs. Hathaway, with difficulty but with some particularity, revealed the fact that her brother, Alice's uncle, lived in San Francisco, and had often urged her to make him a visit. To make this visit was the one thing that Alice desired more than anything else. She had been in the islands ever since childhood, and while she loved them and the life, it was but natural that she should long to get one glimpse of the great world which she dimly remembered and of which she heard so much.

"There is no present you could give her that she would appreciate so highly, no trip you could take that would so satisfy her longings. But of course it is out of the question—the expense—and yet her uncle is wealthy—not that that makes any difference in itself, but he would be as able and as glad to welcome her married as single. It would be a great opportunity. But of course it cannot be. I should not have spoken."

Why anybody who could live in Taiafiafi should wish to go to San Francisco was more than Ambrose could understand. But if Alice wanted to go there, go she should, even if only to reconcile her to the idyllic life that he had mapped out for himself and incidentally for her. He broached the subject to Alice, and she confessed that such was the case, and shyly intimated that he would have discovered it after their marriage if he had not asked her before.

It then became simply a question of ways and means with Ambrose. He explained to Mr. Hathaway that all his ready cash (so to speak) consisted of "trade" in Fanuatapu and Apia.

Mr. Hathaway inquired its value. "My boy," he said, "if you are determined on this mad voyage, I think I can put you in the way of making it pay for your passages at least—perhaps more. I have never told you, but shortly after coming to this island I found a few sandal-wood trees in the interior that had escaped the ravages of the old traders—the only sandal-wood, I verily believe, within a thousand miles. I have cultivated these trees and planted others. I have now a grove large enough to supply me with a handsome income, by judicious cutting out and replanting.

"When you first arrived the natives were engaged in getting out the first lot I have ever cut. You—ah—may have noticed that until we knew you pretty well you were always accompanied whenever you went abroad. Since you have known us pretty well you have usually relieved us of that responsibility." Mr. Hathaway glanced at Alice, who passed the window, and smiled at his own little joke. "I need not tell you this is a great secret. I have been wondering how I could dispose of the 'crop' without letting its source be known. If it were once discovered the island would be overrun with ruffians, who would not respect the care I have bestowed upon the trees, and in addition to their objectionable society the entire fruits of my labor would be destroyed, and the mission, which I have long wished to make self-supporting, would suffer. I was on the point of taking Captain Wheedon into my confidence, but now that will not be necessary. As soon as the wedding is over and the *Mary F.* has left, the *White Dove* will become the *Grayling* and will take on a load of sandal-wood. You and Alice can then go out and meet the Australian steamer, which will be glad, if the weather is good, as it is apt to be at this season, to pick up some freight *en route*. This year's crop I shall make a present to my daughter and you, taking only your trade to pay off my hands. The wood should bring a good price in Frisco."

And so it was settled. The blood of Ambrose's theoretical ancestor stirred in his veins and made an occasional protest, but the blood of Alice's actual civilized ancestors was stirring in her veins and, following a great natural law, won the day.

Hand in hand, Ambrose and Alice stood on the deck of the great steamer and watched the *Grayling*, alias *White Dove*, go about and lay her course for the little island below the horizon. When the sloop too was lost to sight, Ambrose glanced at his bride, and as he saw her face brighten through her tears as she turned it northward, he easily reconciled himself to the brief interruption of his plans. By the time he had sold his sandal-wood, already safely stowed belowdecks, Alice would surely have tired of the artificial life of San Francisco, and then they would return to put his theory to the test.

Soon, soon they would be dreaming their careless, happy lives away in the flower-carpeted groves of Taiafiafi. How soon, the two letters following—one mailed three weeks after their arrival in San Francisco, and the other written only two or three weeks ago—will show:

Ambrose Atwood to the Rev. Edward Hathaway, Fanuatapu:

"San Francisco, *May 18, 188*–.

"Dear Father,— . . . Sandal-wood is scarce here and brings good prices. Being fearful of a break if I should unload the entire consignment at once, and as Alice is enjoying herself so much here, I have opened an office and am letting the wood go in small lots. In this manner I more than pay my expenses out of the difference, and if you want to send as much more by the July steamer, I will buy it from you outright at . . . .

Respectfully and affectionately yours,
Ambrose Atwood."

"ON THE POINT OF GOING . . . . TO VISIT HER PARENTS IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS."

Ambrose Atwood, Esq., to T. Jefferson Morgenstern, New York:

"San Francisco, *October 24, 189*–.

"Dear Mr. Morgenstern,—I see by the papers that you intend to come to California this month with President Steele of the P. Q. and R. and party. I trust that you will not fail to look me up, and that you and your friends will save a day for a sail with me in my new steam-yacht, which the Union Iron Works people pronounce the finest boat on the coast and as complete and perfect as a watch.

"Since I left your employ ten years ago I have built up the biggest trade in drugs and dyestuffs in Frisco, and I handle the entire output of the only sandal-wood plantation east of the Solomon Islands. I am sorry that you will not be able to meet Mrs. Atwood, who is on the point of going with the children to visit her parents in the Samoan Islands, and to bring them back with her, as my business demands such constant attention that I have not found it possible to get away to see them since my marriage. I have been experimenting lately, and have just discovered a new sandal-wood product quite in your line of trade. There is big money in it. It occurred to me that you might like to look into this while you are here, with a view . . . .

Very sincerely yours,
Ambrose Atwood."

The Whistling Boy

So keen, so clear,
Falls on the ear
The wild, sweet piping of his lips,
So sharp, so tart,
I thrill and start,
And Fancy tingles to her finger-tips.

The dingy town
With walls of brown,
With grimy streets and pavements gray,
Its rush and roar
I note no more,
And all its fierce commotions pass away.

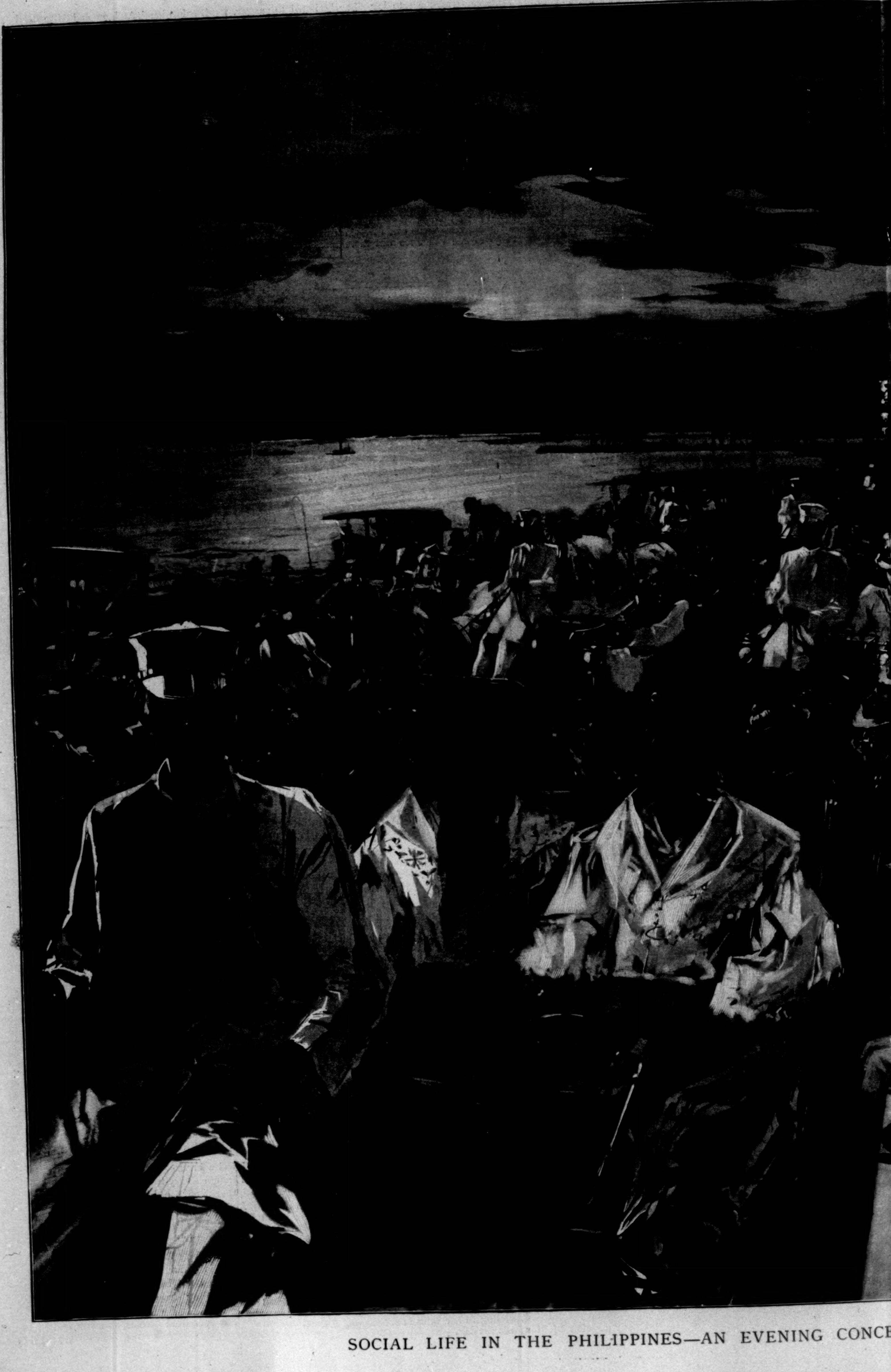
Along the street
His brown bare feet
Remind me of a baby faun
By fern-fringed pool
In shadows cool
Leading a throng of fluting birds at dawn.

No hermit thrush
Through woodland hush
Could trill a tune more fresh or free;
No mocking-bird
More gladly heard
Through verdant vine-clad swamps of Tennessee.

I feel a breeze
Through cherry-trees,
O'er dandelions wet with dew,
And on a rail
I hear a quail
Gladden an old peach-orchard through and through.

Through hazy tears
I see old years
When I too, happy as a bird,
By bubbling streams
Dreamed boyish dreams—
The dear, dead dreams, so sweet and so absurd.

Walter Malone.



SOCIAL LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES—AN EVENING CONCE

NCERT ON THE LUNETA, MANILA.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY G. W. PETERS.

The Naval Powers Compared

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE comparative size and effectiveness of the navies of the world, or of the powers which may be expected to play a part in whatever naval warfare we may have in the future, are probably to-day what they will remain for years to come. Changes will be made, and new ships will continue to be built, it being one of the necessities of countries that are seeking to maintain strong navies to go on building, in order to meet the advances made in the arts of defence and destruction, and in order, also, to maintain their relative power and rank, and to exceed it if possible. The statistics in this article are those that were available at the beginning of the year 1899. There have been changes, but the relations of the powers to one another in naval strength do not differ from what they were eleven months ago, and evidently will not so long as contracts for new ships in England do but stimulate contracts in France, Russia, Germany, and the United States. These are the naval powers of the future, if we are to judge from the relative importance of the navies of the five countries as they exist at present, and from the activities in the ship-yards. Probably Japan ought to be added in a general survey of the field, but, as will be seen from a glance at the table below, she has not yet reached the stature of Austria-Hungary in the number of her ships, and is just above that of Turkey. She is, however, very much superior to this country in armored cruisers, having thirteen to our two, and is vastly superior in armament to any of the powers except the five named.

It does not follow that the larger the number of ships the more powerful the navy. Many of the ships of European powers are of obsolete types. Austria-Hungary, for example, possesses no so-called first class battle-ship of a greater speed than 14 knots, or a displacement of more than 7000 tons. All of them were built in the seventies.

How Great Britain ranks in comparison with the Continental alliances may be seen from the following table:

Countries.	Battle-ships First class.	Second class.	Third class.
Great Britain	45	27	18
France and Russia	37	17	12
Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary	22	8	16

But the superiority in number of ships does not tell the whole story. The armament of the ship is of the utmost importance. On thirty-four completed first-class British battle-ships are mounted 191 high-power and 1407 quick-firing guns, a total of 1598 guns—47 guns to a ship. The French ships mount 769 guns, the Russians 422, or 43 and 38 guns, respectively, to a ship; the Germans mount 174, and the Italians 494, guns. Six of the German first-class battle-ships and ten of the Italian, therefore, mount, on the average, 29 guns to the ship and 49.4 guns, the latter exceeding the English. The twelve first-class battle-ships of the United States carry 557 guns —an average of 46.4 to the ship. Besides armament we must consider armor and speed of ships in making an estimate of the relative value and strength of navies. Probably there is not much difference between modern ships in respect of armor, except that England's tendency is towards lighter weight. So far as speed is concerned, we expect that our most recently authorized battle-ships will attain a speed of 18 knots. There are four first-class battle-ships in the Italian navy which have that speed record, two that have a record of 19 knots, and one a record of 20. Only one has so low a speed as 16 knots. Our own battle-ships have records of from 15 to nearly 17 knots, the *Kearsarge* having attained the last on her trial trip. The English, Russian, and French battle-ships are faster than our own, and the German are not; but the modern battle-ship is expected to make 18 knots, while five of the eight completed recently, or still now building, for this country, are not expected to develop more than 16 knots; while the *Kearsarge*, exceeding her expectation, made less than 17.

The following is a table showing the number of vessels of the naval powers. The statistics are, as I have said, those of the first of 1899. The vessels included are battle-ships, cruisers, coast-defence vessels, and both sea-going and river gunboats. Another table, including torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, will be given afterwards.

TABLE OF NUMBER OF WAR-VESSELS

Country.	Vessels.
1. Great Britain	266
2. France	125
3. Russia	111
4. United States	78
5. Germany	69
6. Italy	59
7. Austria-Hungary	44
8. Japan	27

If, however, we measure the power of the various navies, and compare their strength for battles, we shall have a somewhat different result. If battle-ships, cruisers, and coast-defence vessels alone were counted, the order of sea power would be as follows:

Country.	Vessels.
1. Great Britain	230
2. France	103
3. Russia	70
4. Germany	61
5. United States	54
6. Italy	42

But this would not be a fair method of comparison, for Germany has 9 first-class and 10 second and third class battle-ships, and Italy has 13 first-class and 4 second and third class battle-ships. The United States is about the equal of either of these powers if strength is to be measured merely by the number of vessels. When the battle-ships now provided for, and which ought all to be in commission in 1902, are completed, the United States will have 12 first-class battle-ships and 1—the *Texas*—second-class battle-ship. These American battle-ships are much larger and better than the German ships; and, fleet for fleet, the man behind the guns eliminated, our battle-ships would probably be at least a fair match for the battle-ships of either Germany or Italy. Our oldest battle-ships, it is to be remembered, are the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, and *Massachusetts*. They were built in 1891. With the exception of the *Indiana*, which has always given trouble, these three ships are as good of their size as any ships in the world; perhaps they are better, on account of their armament. The *Iowa*, built in 1893, is still better. The *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky*, just about to go in commission, are the largest battle-ships we have ever built. Much is expected from them, and they have given promise at least of possessing excellent sea-going qualities. They have the two-storied turrets, the device of Admiral Sampson. The other battle-ships are not yet constructed, but three of them—the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin*—will be in commission, if no unforeseen delays arise, during the course of 1900. The two largest, newest, and best of the German first-class battle-ships, the *Kaiser Friedrich III.* and the *Kaiser*, were built in 1896. They have a displacement of a little over 11,000 tons. Our three oldest battle-ships have a displacement of 10,288 tons; the *Iowa*, a displacement of 11,410 tons; the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky*, of 11,525 tons each; the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, and *Wisconsin*, of 11,000 tons; while the *Missouri*, *Ohio*, and *Maine* will have each a displacement of 12,500 tons. The tonnage of the German second and third class battle-ships ranges from a little more than 5000 to a little more than 7500 tons. The tonnage of the *Texas* is 6315. The speed of the first-class battle-ships of Germany is about that of our own, but the *Texas* is three knots faster than any one of the German second and third class battle-ships. The German battle-ships altogether mount 80 high-power guns, two 6.6-inch guns, and 419 quick-firing guns, making a total armament of 501 guns.

The Italian battle-ships of the first-class were built from 1884 up to last year; the two built in 1897, *E. Filiberto* and *St. Bon*, have each a displacement of 9800 tons. There are eight of the ships which are larger than the largest of our own, ranging from 13,500 tons to 15,900. Moreover, one of these large ships, the *Sardegna* has a speed record of 20 knots. In battle-ships, the Italian navy is superior to the German navy, and to our own in size, in horse-power, in speed, in numbers by two ships, but we have by far the heavier armaments.

It has been stated that the German fleet of battle-ships mounts 501 guns. The Italian mounts 647 guns. The battle-ships of our navy carry, or will carry, 577 guns of all kinds, 198 of which are the first and secondary batteries, the remaining 379 being rapid-fire and other guns. Of the 501 German guns, 419 are quick-firing, as are 557 of the Italian guns. We greatly excel in heavy guns, but are at a disadvantage in quick-firing guns, in which the English especially excel. In our battle-ships we have less than two guns in the secondary battery to one gun in the main battery—the secondary battery including machine-guns—while the Germans have 5.1 quick-firing guns to one heavy gun, and the Italians 6.2 to one. Nor have we changed our policy in this respect in the new ships. We have 198 guns, on the 13 battle-ships, in the main batteries, ranging from six 4-inch guns on the *Iowa*, through 6 and 8 inch guns, to 12 and 13 inch guns. The Germans have 82 guns on their 16 battle-ships of 10.2-inch and 11-inch calibre. The Italians have 90 guns on 15 battle-ships of 10-inch—28, 67, 100, and 105 tons. We can probably throw a heavier weight of metal than the Germans and Italians. The question is whether we can throw as great a weight in a given time.

Comparison of battle-ships, however, is not a comparison of navies. We excel Germany and Italy together in coast-defence vessels, and have nine more than Great Britain. But the important types of ships, if we are to take the English view of the relative importance of types of vessels, are the armored and swift protected cruisers. Although we do not possess many of these vessels, we are not far behind the Continental naval powers, except France and Russia, since the destruction of Cervera's fleet by Admiral Sampson—for there were destroyed four of the finest first-class cruisers in the world, of the like of which we possess only two, the *New York* and the *Brooklyn*. Of these the *New York*, 8200 tons displacement, is rated at 21 knots, and the *Brooklyn*, 9271 tons displacement, at 20 knots. These two carry 8 and 4 inch and 8 and 5 inch guns, respectively—in all, 38. The *Brooklyn* carries 20 rapid-fire and Gatling guns; the *New York*, 16. The English have 21 armored cruisers, but up to the first of the year had not built any of the class since 1889, the most recent type being protected cruisers, of which they have 30, the largest being the *Terrible* and the *Powerful*, each of 14,200 tons displacement, 25,000 horse-power, 22 and 21 knots speed, respectively. Eight of these ships are of 11,000 tons, and have a speed of 20 knots—no first-class English cruiser has a speed of less than 19. The English in armored cruisers carry 9.2-inch guns, and most of the ships have each 35 and 36 quick-firing guns—more than twice as many as the *New York*, and nearly twice as many as the *Brooklyn*. The English protected cruisers carry a few 6-inch and 9.2-inch guns, and from 35 to 53 quick-firing guns each. The armament of the English armored cruisers is 70 high-power guns and 497 quick-firing guns—more than 7 quick-firing guns to each large gun. On our two armored cruisers the main batteries exceed in number of guns the secondary batteries.

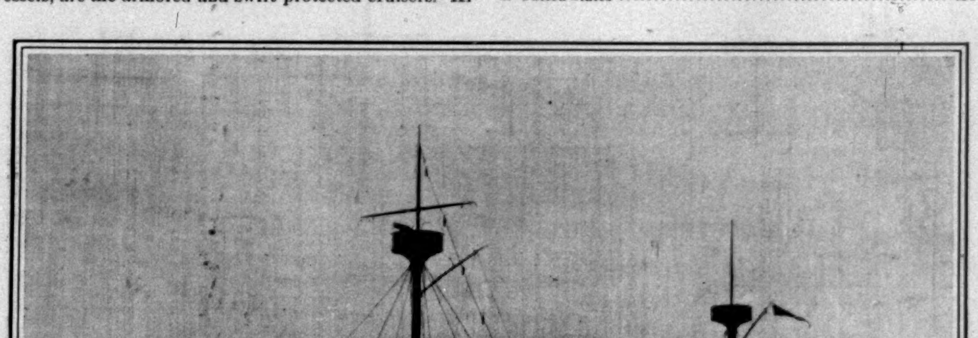
The French navy possesses 23 first-class cruisers, and 28 second and third class cruisers. The latter are armed with quick-firing guns alone. The first-class cruisers carry some 6.4 and 7.4 inch guns, and from 16 to 46 quick-firing guns, each.

We call our second and third class cruisers unarmored cruisers. The largest are the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, of great speed—23.7 and 22.8 knots, respectively—but not of great importance as fighting forces. The *Olympia* comes next with a speed record of 21.6, and a tonnage of 5870. But all of these cruisers carry more heavy guns than European cruisers, and very much fewer quick-firing guns than the English and French. In armored cruisers, in number of ships we would stand nearly with Germany, the latter having 3, and behind Great Britain, the Netherlands, Russia, Italy, and France, in the order named, Russia and Italy each having 5. In other words, Germany and we would stand sixth and seventh in the list, and Great Britain leading with 9 actual ships, and a contemplated total of 21. In other cruisers Great Britain has and is to have 127; France has 28; Germany, 19; the United States, 17; Russia, 11; Italy, 16; Austria, 13. The United States is seventh in the list of gunboats. But it is in the matter of torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers that we fall to the rear. The following table shows the relative standing of the naval powers in torpedo-boats and destroyers:

Country.	Destroyers and Torpedo-boats.
1. France	270
2. Great Britain	200
3. Italy	190
4. Russia	127
5. Germany	122
6. United States	37

Adding the torpedo-boats to the naval strength of each power, the full fighting, defence, and commerce-destroying value of the leading fleets of the world is shown, so far as it can be by numbers of vessels, in the following table:

Country.	Vessels.
1. Great Britain	466
2. France	395
3. Italy	249
4. Russia	238
5. Germany	191
6. United States	131



U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."
Wrecked on a hidden Reef off Northwestern Luzon, November 13.
Photograph Copyright, 1893, by J. S. Johnston.

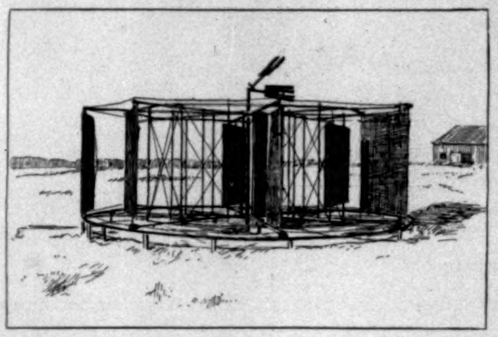
Individual Irrigation

THE irrigation enterprise of the future in the United States will be either very large or very small. It will be so large as to require an enormous syndicate, or even a government appropriation, or it will be so small as to be of merely individual concern. This is due to the fact that nearly every location where a ditch could be built and supplied with water by a company with limited capital or a partnership has been pre-empted, and whether the full value of the location has been utilized or not, the opportunity has been spoiled for others.

As the time has not yet come when this government will do more than show the way by means of reports issued by the hydrographical department of the Geological Survey, the discussion of government irrigation-works may be postponed for the present. The moneyed syndicate is fighting shy of investment in big ditches, for the simple reason that fully nine out of ten such enterprises inaugurated during the past fifteen years are now bankrupt. This is due to a number of reasons, and in some instances purely local causes. Nearly all of them were born in the speculative spirit, heavily laden at the outset with fixed charges, built in a most expensive and reckless manner, cursed in many instances with poor engineering, and, to cap the climax, failed to find purchasers for their land who were *bona fide* farmers and intelligent irrigators.

This is not true of all great ditches in the West, but it is true of so many that the really successful enterprise is the exception to a rule. Broadly speaking, therefore, it may be said that the big ditches built during the irrigation boom are more or less of a failure, while with equal truth it may be said that the efforts of the individual irrigator have been uniformly and remarkably successful. This latter fact is due to causes just the reverse of those which killed the big ditch. The individual irrigator knows just what he wants; he does most of the work himself, and he does it all as cheaply as it can be done. Every drop of water he secures in his reservoir he uses to best advantage, and the cost of maintenance is simply the cost of repair. If the plant be a ditch owned by one man, or perhaps a mutual concern, it is built and managed the same way. If a pump or windmill, the same principles of economy apply to its construction and operation. Nothing is lost. It is to the interest of the operator to make the investment as small as possible, and make each dollar and each drop of water obtained therewith do double duty.

A KANSAS IRRIGATOR'S PUMP AND FISH-POND.



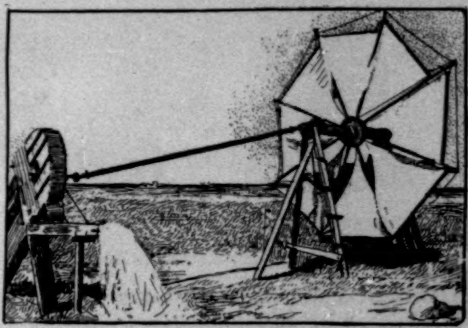
MERRY-GO-ROUND WINDMILL, NEBRASKA.

The government has recognized this condition. It has abandoned to a great extent the line of work valuable only to great irrigation enterprises. It has put the hydrographic department at the service of the farmer who is trying to work some plan to irrigate five, ten, or perhaps twenty acres of land. An expert is here at work to discover the best and cheapest pump; another there testing all the windmills upon the market; another is driving across the arid and semi-arid plains, determining the depth to water and the nature of the supply. The results of these investigations are furnished free to all who may ask for them, in a series of bulletins published every few weeks from Washington. This idea originated with Professor F. H. Newell, chief hydrographer of the Geological Survey, and it has proved very popular and very useful. Instead of the bulky annual report, which few received and still fewer read, these little pamphlets record the work of the department, and they are to be found in the home of nearly every farmer interested in the subject of which they treat.

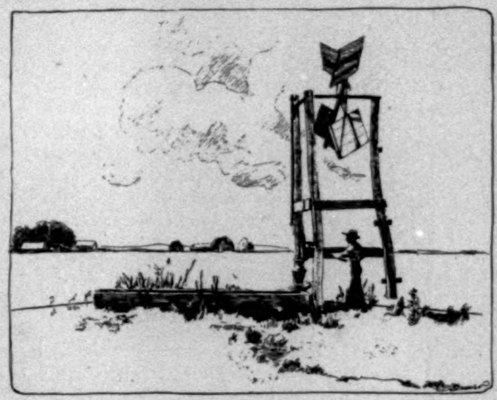
The first source of water looked for is the gravity ditch. In States where the fall of streams is rapid, as in Montana, Wyoming, and other mountainous States, this was cheap, practicable, and, as the country settled up, grew immensely valuable.

On the great plains of the arid and semi-arid region opportunities for gravity ditches are few and far between, and where found they have seldom been an unqualified success. To compensate for this, however, immense areas are to be found where shallow and almost inexhaustible wells are easily dug. The question of power to lift the water puzzled the farmers for several years. A windmill was looked upon as entirely too limited an affair for an irrigation plant. Some one incidentally figured out, however, that on a single acre of the Kansas prairies there was more power in the constant wind than Niagara could furnish. Then followed an era of development in windmills, large-gauge pumps, and ways of building cheap reservoirs, which has resulted in over 1200 windmill irrigation plants in western Kansas alone, each one of them a practical and paying investment for the farmer who owns it.

Hundreds of instances can be given of men who have grown into a comfortable property within the past ten years with the aid of a windmill. Nearly all of them started with little or no capital. They may have paid anywhere from $1 25 to $7 an acre for their land, depending upon railroad facilities and nearness to a town. On this land they have worked, planned, and contrived, until they could build a windmill. The average mill consists of a tower sixty feet high, or less; a wheel sixteen feet in diameter, which works an eight or ten inch pump in a well averaging twenty feet in depth. Such a mill will cost, put up, not much more than $100. To store the water a reservoir is built about seventy-five feet in diameter. This will cost another $100, and the farmer is ready to irrigate at least ten acres of ground in diversified crop.



DEFENDER WINDMILL.



A BATTLE-AXE WINDMILL.

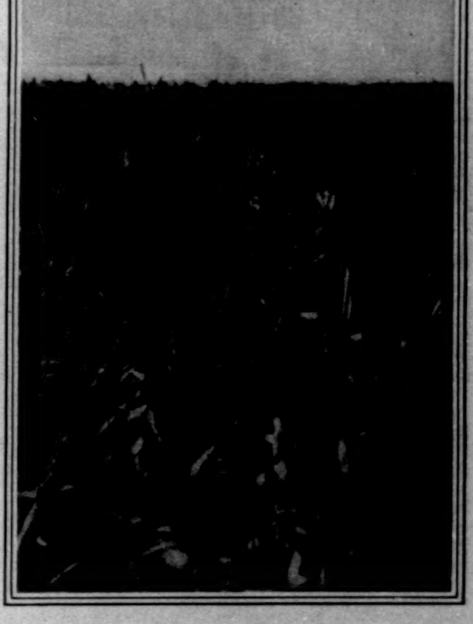
If he is a good manager and has part of his land in orchard, this water can be made to do duty for twenty acres by planting ten of it in lucerne—better known as alfalfa—that wonderful forage-plant, which has come to the semi-arid region of the United States as one of its greatest blessings. The alfalfa-field is irrigated in winter only, for its long tap-root and vast net of smaller feeders seek the moisture far below the surface soil which has been baked and dried by the drought and hot winds of summer. With his expenditure of less than $250 for mill and pond and the labor of ditching the water to the crops, the farmer has raised the value of his land to at least $40 an acre, which is a conservative estimate of the market value of irrigated lands along the lines of the transcontinental railroads where they bridge the "desert" of the overland caravans of not so many years ago.

The individual irrigator has proved to be the conqueror of the arid belt. He came without money and alone. He issued no tempting prospectus, nor was he interviewed at length. He set himself down to build a home. The cowmen of the plains laughed at him, but he bore the gibes with patience, for he was there to stay, and the cattle-men were already seeking new ranges. If the statistics of irrigation in this country were gathered from the big ditch companies, it would be made to appear that the country had gone back in this branch of agriculture, whereas the amount of land under irrigation is steadily enlarging each year, and is far greater now than ever before. This is due almost entirely to the individual irrigators, and not to the promoters of big ditch companies. The possibilities of the western half of the United States in this respect have been often dwelt upon, but they are best comprehended by considering the fact that the total amount of land now irrigated in the entire country is less than eight million acres, and it is estimated that there are at least sixty million acres more which, by some scheme or other, can be watered, and be made productive as a result.

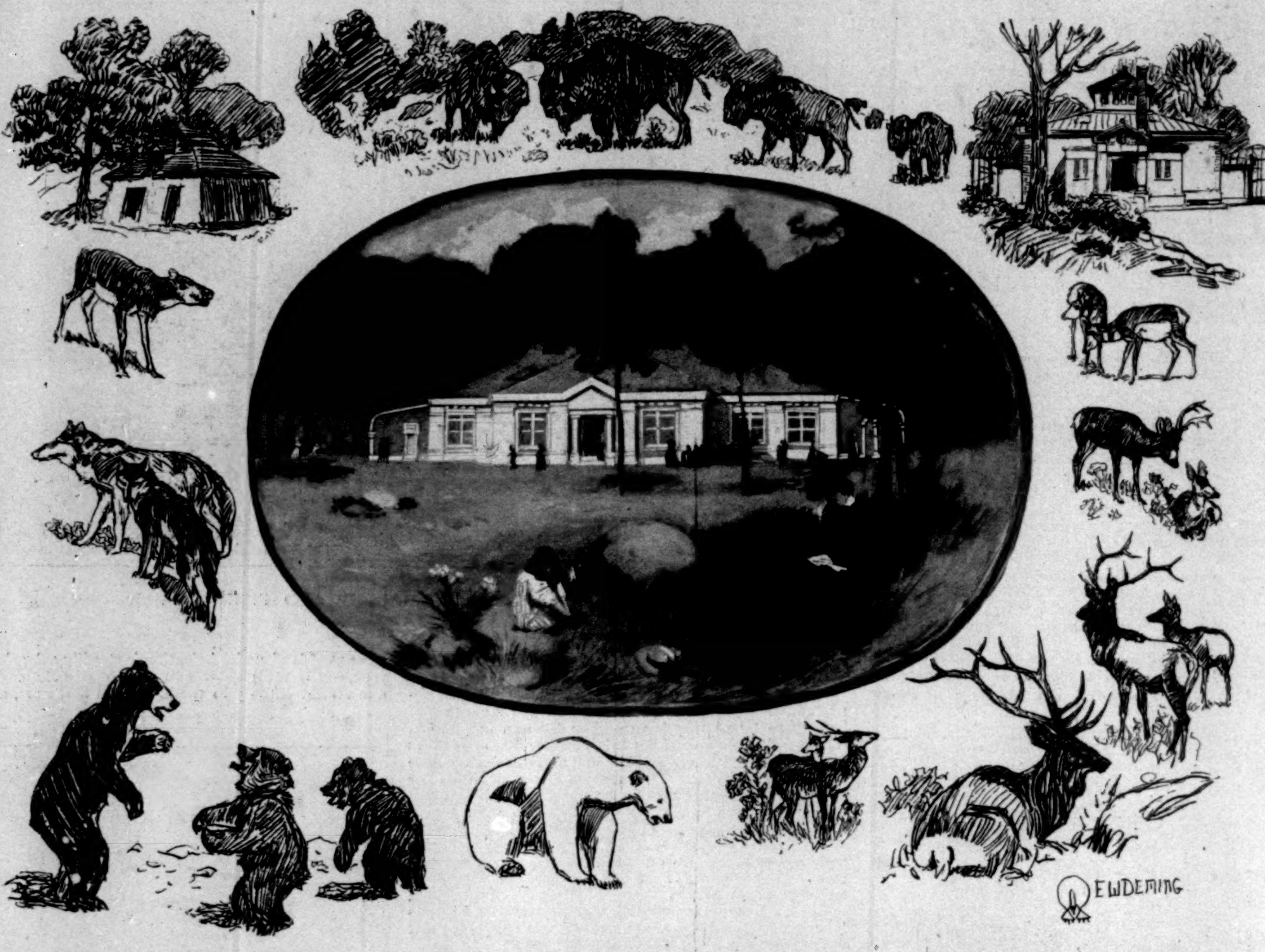
Irrigation encourages intensive and diversified farming, increases the density of the population, exerts a strong influence upon a community in the direction of greater intellectual activity, and insures the building of tasteful and permanent homes. The irrigator cannot be ignorant, shiftless, or lazy. He must read, work, and improve, for if he does not he cannot be successful. This is the real secret of its beneficent influence upon the people.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

HOME-MADE JUMBO WINDMILL.



WHAT IRRIGATION DOES FOR KAFIR CORN IN KANSAS.



IN THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY E. W. DEMING.

A Bookman's Notes

SO here are the Stevenson Letters at last, and a promise of the Life, which we have so long looked for, some time in the future. What a pity it seems that Mr. Colvin could not write it! Admiration for his very able and distinguished Introduction to these Letters, and the capable manner in which he has edited them, raise appreciation to a lament that this task, for which he is so eminently fitted, is not forth-coming from his hand. But let us be thankful for what we have received from him. The Letters are a treasure-trove in published correspondence; an almost unique contribution to the literature of humanity. All the brave, glad spirit of the man who wrote them shines in every page. A true Son of Joy himself, despite the travail and toil of his struggling, suffering life, he has captured for us in these Letters, with their myriad moods, the dreams of youth, the ideals of manhood, by which he climbed the Jacob's-ladder of stern duty and obedience to our universal destiny. Here is the true realism indeed as he himself defined it—to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

Very unusual must have been the commanding power of Stevenson's personality so to permeate a nation's life that the policy of a government should be affected by it. Only the other day a diplomatist of wide experience and singular penetration declared that "Robert Louis Stevenson's splendid sympathy was in measure responsible" for England's clinging to Samoa. The secret of Stevenson's charming personality has nowhere been so openly laid bare as in these Letters. Here we are at home with the man—the poet, the story-writer, the essayist, the adventurer, are mainly objective. At other times and in other ways we have traversed the globe with him and have run the gamut of the emotions; we have been held by the spell of the novelist and the voyageur—but in these volumes we find the spirit enshrined in its own quiet place. How insistently his own words are recalled by the revelation of these Letters: "You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

So frequently is inquiry made for a history of the English novel that I am astonished at the lack of anything like an adequate and scholarly treatment of this important theme. Something has been done toward meeting this want in *The Development of the English Novel*, by Mr. Wilbur L. Cross, Assistant Professor of English at Yale. The book has recently been published by the Macmillan Company, and within the narrow compass of its limits the subject has been fairly well handled, although justice has not always been done to the various writers under consideration. This, however, is more a result of the limitations with which Mr. Cross beset himself at the outset of his task. It aims "to trace in outline the course of English fiction from Arthurian romance to Stevenson, and to indicate, especially in the earlier chapters, Continental sources and tributaries." The plan is commendably well wrought out, and the author has succeeded in avoiding mere essay-writing, and has given organic unity and human interest to his treatment of the subject. The Appendix, containing "a list of twenty-five prose fictions" and "biographical and other notes," besides a carefully prepared index, is an evidence of the author's painstaking industry and research. It is to be hoped that this tentative work will stimulate a more expansive and comprehensive study of the novel—not confined to English—for which there is a positive need in literature. If any author, contemplating this task, has such an enterprise up his sleeve, let him bring it forth. He will find it highly acceptable. Meantime let us console ourselves with Mr. Cross's pioneer work.

For one thing, we may be very grateful to Professor Cross. He has done a splendid service in emphasizing Trollope's importance in fiction, and has shown true insight and rare appreciation in appraising his work. Most critics stumble over Trollope; no novelist of our century has been so little understood, and so unduly neglected. A few years ago an attempt was made to revive interest in his work by the publication of the "Chronicles of Barsetshire" series. This edition was made by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Company, at the instigation of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, who is one of Trollope's most ardent admirers. Professor Peck's introductory essay to this edition, taken together with Mr. Cross's study of Trollope in *The Development of the English Novel*, may be recommended to students of English literature, and to those who have so far neglected to make acquaintance with "the great chronicler of English fiction."

The way in which Mr. Eden Phillpotts's delightful Dartmoor novel, *Children of the Mist*, has steadily risen above the level of mediocre fiction published last spring is most gratifying to the lover of books that are of sterling merit. Here is a novel that palpitates with life, that is full of the color and poetry of the commonplace, that responds to the deeper moods and sensibilities, and yet keeps sane and sweet the strain of tragedy by its humor and humanity. Not for nothing have such men of insight as the author of *Lorna Doone* and A. T. Quiller-Couch recognized in Mr. Phillpott's work a story of uncommon power, rare in its fine quality of imagination and poetic beauty. *Children of the Mist* is now in its eleventh edition—or "impression," to use the newfangled term—and it will undoubtedly win a wider patronage as it becomes better known.

In October, 1896, there appeared a story in the *Idler* called "The Piebald Rat," by Mr. Phillpotts. It was a remarkable study of the superstitious side of boy life—curious, uncanny, and most convincing in its realism. I am in full accord with the critic who regarded this story as one of the few essentially serious examinations of schoolboyish idiosyncrasy yet attempted. "The Piebald Rat" is one of a number of tales, mostly humorous, that Mr. Phillpotts has gathered in a volume under the title *The Human Boy*. It will show the author of *Children of the Mist* in another vein, not quite so serious, but with an underlying purpose upon which rests the lighter mood. *The Human Boy* will be published by the Messrs. Harpers early in December.

This is how Mr. Morley Roberts's story, *The Colossus*, strikes a playwright:

"THE COLOSSUS."

A drama of To-day. By Morley Roberts.

On December 1 Messrs. Harper & Brothers will produce Morley Roberts's romance in contemporary politics. The cast of characters is as follows:

EUSTACE LODER, the "Colossus" .... Mr. Cecil Rhodes
SIR GEORGE BONTINE .... Sir James Siveright
DUKE OF ENFIELD .... Lord Salisbury
LORD LINLITHGOW .... Lord Rosebery
SIR ELLIS BULLEN .... Lord Cromer
GENERAL LOWRY .... Lord Kitchener
SAM ROMNEY .... Mr. Pauling, the railway contractor
MR. BRANDER .... Mr. Colenbrander
A LONDON EDITOR .... Mr. Alfred Harmsworth
EMORY HINTON, Mr. Loder's private secretary ...... Mr. Charles Boyd
"TINY" BONTINE, wife of Sir George.
GERTRUDE BROUGHTON .... Any English woman
MEMBERS AND CONSPIRATORS OF THE KHEDIVAL HOUSEHOLD—
Cazoulé, Zohrab Bey, Achmet Pasha, and Mr. Powell
WILBERFORCE MATTHEWS ... A journalist attached to the "Colossus."

The scene is laid in Cairo. The action reaches its climax in four acts.

Prologue—The Colossus dreams of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway.

Act I.—Gertrude Broughton wooes the Sphinx.

Act II.—The Colossus in a political cul-de-sac.

Act III.—Gertrude Broughton finds a way out.

Act IV.—Gertrude refuses to woo the Sphinx, and the Sphinx is compelled to woo Gertrude.

Epilogue.—The dream of the Colossus comes true.

The dramatic incidents are based on what is substantially a true story in the building of British empire in Africa. This story is concerned with the financing of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway. It is an open secret to those in the "know" that the arrangements for financing that great enterprise were not concluded without a good deal of delicate negotiation and diplomatic intrigue. What, it would appear, was not known until Mr. Roberts applied fiction to fact is that a beautiful, daring young English woman, in love with Cecil Rhodes, the "Colossus," was the means, by the exercise of her charms, of putting the key to the situation in Mr. Rhodes's hands. How she contrives this end, and by laying the "Colossus" under obligation to her wins her triumph, forms the main dramatic interest of the story. *The Colossus*, by reason of its personal and political significance, is making quite a stir in London.

The centenary of Heine's birth occurs on the 13th of December. I see that Baron Ludwig von Embden, who is Heine's nephew, has in contemplation a complete collection of all Heine's unpublished correspondence. As the baron has in his possession all the family papers of Heine, some interesting and valuable material may be forth-coming. It is understood that he will personally undertake the editing of these papers and letters for publication.

J. M.

AMATEUR SPORT

WEST POINT and Annapolis will meet for the fifth time in their football career when they play on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, December 2. Time and again this Department has offered as an ideal the ethics of sport obtaining at these two government academies, and it is therefore especially fitting that they meet in athletic contest annually. It is regrettable, and, too, somewhat surprising, that after a cessation of six years they could not have met on the home field of one or the other. West Point should have been the place, as the last game was played at Annapolis.

To have gone abroad for a field of contest seems to have made the game less an incident in cadet life; it has, in fact, given just the coloring to the event which army and navy officials professed to deplore. If a neutral field was absolutely essential, the choice of Franklin was wise, and certainly preferable to having no game, but it was a great mistake not to have played at West Point, where the game rightfully belonged this year.

West Point and Annapolis met for the first time in football in '90, at West Point, and Annapolis won easily (24–0). At that time West Point had just begun to play, and knew nothing of football, so the Annapolis victory was a foregone conclusion.

BUT this match introduced football at West Point. It is always very difficult for the cadets at either academy to get sufficient practice, for the time allowed for recreation is limited, and, in addition, the academy authorities in the first days were rather opposed to the game, though Annapolis had a little more leeway than West Point. In the following year, at Annapolis, the cadets played their second game, and West Point, practising on Annapolis what she had learned the year before, won by a score of 32–16. The third game was played at West Point in 1892, and the navy won by better development and all-round play (12–4). The conditions at both academies were now about equal, and the hours of practice virtually the same.

The fourth game was played at Annapolis in 1893, and both teams had been well coached for the contest. The character of the football displayed in that game showed a high order of development and was thoroughly up to date. West Point seemed to have the better material and her team was thought stronger, but generalship gave Annapolis the game by a score of 6–4. West Point proved stronger in advancing the ball by rushing, and her defence was generally better than that of Annapolis; but Annapolis was clearly superior in kicking, and won by the clever use of this style of game.

AFTER this game high officials at Washington first showed that notably progressive and intelligent spirit which was subsequently revealed in arming volunteer troops with black-powder Springfields — shooting 900 yards, with which to fight Spaniards carrying smokeless Mausers that killed at 2000 yards — and also in giving troops serving in semi-tropical countries the identical rations issued to those in temperate regions.

In a word, these gentlemen forbid the meeting of the two academies, though each has continued playing every year, with gratifying success. During the past five years the development at both academies has been along scientific lines, and football become well established as a desirable sport. West Point has during that time averaged high, with teams usually very strong. For several seasons this academy had exceptionally good material, which was well moulded into powerful teams. The individual players developed rapidly, were imbued with the proper spirit and football sense, and some took place among the best players of recent years. Then, too, West Point has a geographical advantage over Annapolis which has given annual games with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and the experience and practice that go with such contests. Until '96 West Point engaged coachers from ex-college players, but in that year it was wisely determined to inaugurate a system of *alumni* coaching, and since then army teams have relied upon the instruction of their own graduates. This is not only very much to West Point's credit, but the only course to insure permanent prosperity.

A council of local officers direct the general policy, and graduates who have played on the teams return, if they can, for the actual coaching. The system has some drawbacks, as it often happens that the best men are not available to coach, but it shows the right spirit, and is decided advancement in the right direction.

PENNSYLVANIA PUNTING BALL OUT FROM BEHIND HER GOAL-LINE.

IN comparing the work of West Point and Annapolis during the years they have not met, it must be remembered that the location of West Point makes it possible for the army to play games with more of the best elevens, and for that reason its teams have certainly had the better drilling, and their record accordingly has been perhaps more prominent than that of Annapolis. Making all due allowance for this, it still seems true that the West Point teams of '97 and '98 were stronger than those at Annapolis in the same years. It is also true that more individual players of note have come from the army. In fact, the work of West Point in the last three years has been consistently strong, the players averaging up to those on the best college elevens, and two or three of them being placed among the best in their positions for the season. It is not saying too much to state that the development of the West Point teams has been thorough, and that they have shown strength in all departments of play.

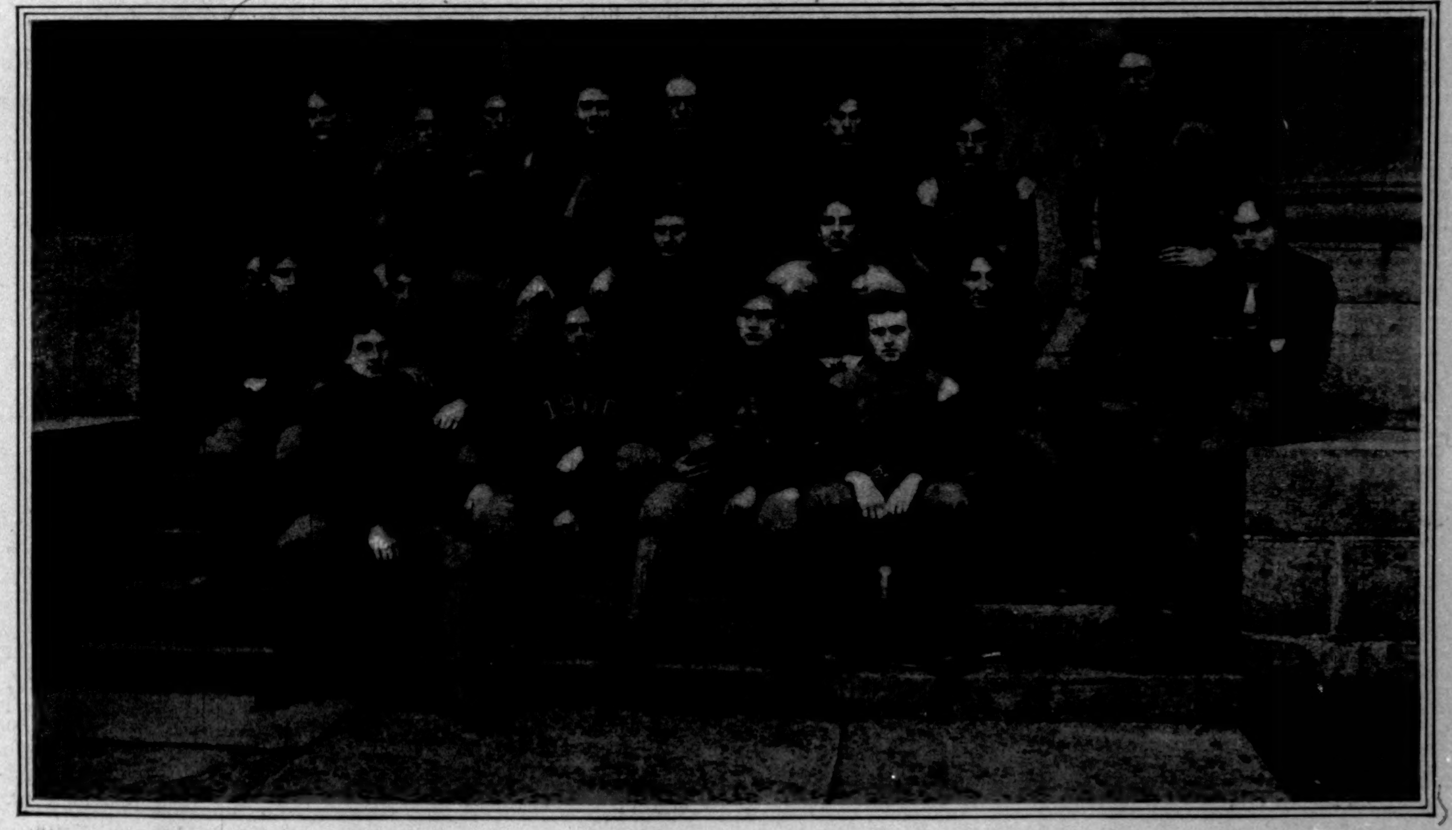
ANNAPOLIS, while not having made so brilliant a record in actual performance as West Point, has had equally as good coaching, and shown, so far as the opportunity has offered, equal proficiency. Perhaps the development at Annapolis has been more general than at West Point, and at least the navy teams appear always to have played a more varied game.

The material at Annapolis is more limited than at West Point (by about fifty cadets), and averages lighter and younger. The games Annapolis has played have not given quite the opportunity West Point has enjoyed of revealing strength or acquiring experience, though games with Princeton and Pennsylvania have been frequent, and therefore the work of the navy eleven each year has been less prominently before the public.

Individually the players at Annapolis have not been so strong, physically, as those at West Point, nor in playing ability; but Annapolis has consistently developed strong team-play.

COACHING system at Annapolis differs materially from that at West Point. The advice and coaching of a resident instructor make a foundation of the best sort, and this is annually re-enforced by the employment of outside assistants. There seems to be no intention of changing this plan, yet no doubt Annapolis would do wisely in the long-run to follow West Point's example and rely upon her own resources. But there is no denying that the system of development at Annapolis is an excellent one, and has been followed faithfully. The policy of play for each season has been governed according to the schedule of games to be played, and if Annapolis had been preparing for a West Point game, doubtless the play of that season would have been changed to meet the requirements of such a game. It is certainly true that in football development Annapolis has progressed quite as much as West Point since 1893, and is as well grounded in the fundamental principles of the game.

WEST POINT in 1899 is below the army standard of the past three years. This is due to no fault of the players, who have the same spirit and dash which have characterized other West Point teams; nor is the coaching system at fault; but it so happens that the team is a green one, and the material not quite up to the mark of recent



THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

years. It is unfortunate this should be the case the year which marks renewal of football relations with Annapolis, for it would have been more satisfactory, as determining the advance made in football at the respective academies, if teams of equal experience could have met.

However, the hard games played, including ones with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, have furnished the rough and beneficial schooling needed, and given the team an accurate idea of hard play. The eleven is somewhat lighter, and lacks the driving power we have grown accustomed to see at West Point, but plays well together and with good spirit. Individually the men are not prominent, and success must come from team-work, which is strong in defensive rather than in offensive play, because of the hard schedule of the year.

In advancing the ball the backs, though speedy, are not so powerful as West Point has had, and there is no kicker whose efforts can compare with the well-remembered drives of King and Romeyn.

ANNAPOLIS has material this year fully up to average, and with seven of last year's eleven the team is mostly a veteran combination. The team is equipped rather better physically than usual, and the power of its play is thereby increased. The Annapolis style of play is based on a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of the game, and, as a result, "straight football," so called—or the regulation plays—is executed with rapidity and precision. In fact, speed and precision form an important part in the success of each play, and have always been characteristic of Annapolis elevens. This year's eleven seems a typical Annapolis team, and its attack is strong. The line works well with the back field, and though not quite as well together on the defence, the centre of the line is very firm. Annapolis has a good kicker, who will be used to his limit and with telling effect, if the ends help him out. As a whole, the team is strong and has made a good record this season, though it has not had the hard and beneficial experience of West Point.

COMPARING the teams, it looks as if the game will be a close one. The lines are pretty evenly matched. Both centre trios are strong. Both of the Annapolis guards are playing well, and one of them has had more than four years' experience on the team; but one West Point guard will hold his own, and the West Point centre is a better man than his opponent. The tackles at West Point are green, but are strong in defence, and will likely be little, if any, inferior to the Annapolis men. The West Point ends are clearly better in defensive work and in cornering kicks.

Back of the line the deportment of the Annapolis men is better, and, as a whole, Annapolis has the advantage here; though the West Point backs play well on defensive, and if the line does its work, will advance the ball. It is at full-back that Annapolis is more clearly superior, and the navy man is kicking very well. West Point has lost, by an accident, the man who has been playing full-back during the season, but his successor is playing a strong and all-round game. Annapolis should outpunt West Point, for the loss of a season's practice will have its effect on a green man kicking under difficulties. But if West Point gets her kicks off at all, they will be well covered, and a muff or a fumble might cost the navy much. Even a poor punter who can get his kicks off, with good ends, is a strong combination.

At present writing Annapolis seems to be somewhat better prepared for the game than West Point; but West Point has had a gruelling schedule that should have fitted her for harder play than Annapolis has yet encountered.

HARVARD and Yale played for seventy minutes at Cambridge on Saturday last, and, for the second time in their football history, neither scored. It was a desperate struggle from start to finish, showing fewer errors than any game I have witnessed. Indeed, taking it all in all, it was the fastest and finest exhibition of football any of us has ever seen.

Yale could not score, because her ends failed to keep Harvard from running back McBride's kicks, and because the Harvard line was too strong to permit of steady gains by either straight half-back runs or by the mass on tackle and guard upon which Yale chiefly relied for advancing the ball in hand.

Harvard had three opportunities to score—once, when the ball had been carried to Yale's 2-yard line from Harvard's 45-yard line; again, when a placed kick was taken from Yale's 25-yard line; and again, when a drop-kick was tried from Yale's 20-yard line. The first two chances came in the middle of the first half, and should have resulted in points; the third one came in the last minute of the second half, and, in the absence of the regular kicker, fell to the lot of a player who has no especial skill in this department of the game.

Yale, on the other hand, had no chance to score, not getting once inside Harvard's 25-yard line throughout the entire game.

APART from actual scoring, which naturally was the ambition of each team, it must be said that Yale accomplished what she set out to do, while Harvard did not. Yale started with the determination to smash Harvard's interference, which had proved so invulnerable against all teams this season, and to play her kicking game, at which she was slightly superior, for all it was worth. She knew Harvard's interference must be broken up before it got well under way, and her men were coached with that end in view.

Nor was the coaching without avail.

One of the sights of the game was the way Yale's backs and forwards sifted through the Harvard line and broke up the famous interference time and again for even a loss. While in kicking, Yale must have gained fifteen yards on every exchange of punts, though first and last much of her advantage in this direction was lost because her ends could not keep Harvard from running the ball back.

On the other hand, Harvard set out to batter Yale's line to pieces and to work her ends for runs behind strong interference. But the Yale line could not be battered to pieces, and in its turn was so fast and aggressive that end runs were the exception rather than the rule.

In fact, the Yale forwards reversed the situation of last year, and got the "jump" on the Harvard forwards pretty much all the time. There were, however, two periods of playing when they failed to do so—one in the first half, which lasted while Harvard carried the ball, without losing it, from Yale's 30-yard line to the 2-yard line, where it was given up on downs; and the other, within seven minutes of the game's end, when Harvard again carried the ball some 20 yards to Yale's 20-yard line, to lose it as a result of a confusion in signals; this play looked like a fumble, the more so as a Yale man fell on the ball together with the Harvard back, but was really a fourth down, and went to Yale on that account.

VIEWING the game in its entirety, there is no doubt that Yale outplayed Harvard in the rush-line. The explanation seems to be that the Yale forwards were more thoroughly drilled in the details of their respective positions, and having succeeded in disturbing Harvard's formations, were able to check plays which were more skilfully conceived than any their own team put forth. In other words, when it got down to the personal equation, Yale was able to neutralize the efforts of an opponent capable of much smoother team-work than herself.

This sounds paradoxical, especially in these days of football when team-play is the quality most needful to success, but it is literally true. Not that I mean individual brilliancy is more serviceable than team-play—we all know better than that—but rather that thorough knowledge of the details of their respective positions is absolutely necessary to every man of an eleven, especially on the rush-line, in order to attain team play which will sustain, without disruption, the attack of an eleven of about equal strength.

Bert Waters, one of the very best tackles that football has developed, said the other night, when this subject of team-play was under discussion, "perfect team-work means that every man on the eleven knows the finesse of his position so well as to have a little to give over"; and that little from each man is what gives team strength, in contradistinction to the team-play which comes from eleven men drilled to execute certain formations, and yet individually unable perhaps to cope with an emergency calling for individual alertness and knowing. This is an extreme illustration, of course.

I would not be understood as implying that the Harvard eleven individually had not been well drilled in the details of their respective positions; of course they had; the team could not have shown the high-class game it did without such training; but what I do say is that the Yale coaches had succeeded in imparting to their men a more thorough knowledge of the details of their respective positions than Harvard, speaking generally, disclosed.

It must be acknowledged that the Yale rush-line made a magnificent defence against perhaps the heaviest assault football forwards have been called upon to withstand, and the fact that the Harvard line averaged five pounds a man heavier reflects the more credit on Yale's work.

THERE was one other impressive lesson of the day, which convinced me at least that between teams of the same class the highest development of the running game is not alone sufficient to assure success. There must be also development of the kicking game. In fact, kicking is the one department of football which has greatest possibilities of development, and yet it is the one which receives smallest attention.

Kicking and the handling of punts is the weakest end of American football to-day.

Yale was quite a bit stronger in kicking than Harvard, to which, and to her rush-line, she owes the successful defence of her goal. Yet four muffs of punted balls were made in the Yale back field—McBride and Fincke being equal offenders—any one of which was serious enough to, on occasion, lose a game. The average of McBride's kicks was good, and several were exceptional, particularly one or two against a strong wind in the first half. Several also were very poor. McBride just misses being a great full-back because of his uncertainty.

Harvard handled punts much more skilfully than Yale, first because she had two of the cleverest gainers in the country in Daly and Sawin, and, secondly, because they were not dogged by such an unfailing end as Campbell, who was always on the Yale catcher so soon as he had the ball. The running back of punts by these two men was brilliant, but Daly did some fumbling that was not a feature of his '98 work.

GAME started with Yale kicking off against a fairly strong breeze; Daly made a catch on his 10-yard line, and running 10 more, punted to Yale's 45-yard line. Yale at once revealed the expected character of her game, for McBride punted on the first down. Harvard immediately set her running game in motion, Sawin going around end for 30 yards behind splendid interference. Several line plays with the ball moving along steadily, and then Harvard was off-side, and lost the ball. Yale now tried Harvard's line, but though securing the first down, could make no further progress, and lost the ball on downs. An exchange of kicks followed, to Yale's advantage, and curiously enough Harvard persisted in this style of game, although it was so evidently favoring Yale. Then Yale tried running, and made no impression on Harvard's defence, which caused no surprise, and Harvard, having lost more on kicking duels, settled down to a running game. From her own 45-yard line Harvard now began an attack so fierce and so rapid that Yale was literally swept off her feet. With double passes and straight and terrific plunges through the line, the ball moved on continuously towards the blue line. Sawin and Kendall had been used in a few plays at the beginning, but Ellis had made the last twenty-five yards, when he finally placed the ball on the 2-yard line for the third down.

It was a remarkable exhibition of line-breaking and of physical endurance. Ellis was called on again for the final plunge, but Yale's desperate defence saved her goal, and Sharpe quickly punted out, Daly making a free catch, and Burnett failing to place-kick a not very difficult goal.

FAILURE by Harvard to score on two occasions, so close, appeared to give Yale great enthusiasm, for from that moment it was a coming team. The change was perfectly apparent. The men appeared to feel their power. They tackled fiercely, and sifting through Harvard's line, smashed the latter's interference. Once in a while Yale made short gains running with the ball, but her chief dependence was McBride's punting. There was a time in the middle of the second half when Harvard appeared to be going to pieces, the repeated smashing of her formations evidently upsetting the men; but shortly they pulled themselves together, and then within a few moments of the end began another such attack as that which carried them to Yale's goal in the first half.

But it came too late, and was interrupted by a confusion in signals that lost the ball. Immediately thereafter Fincke fumbled a punt on his 15-yard line, and Harvard fell on it. But there was only a minute to play, and in a last desperate hope of scoring Hallowell tried a field-goal and failed.

INDIVIDUALLY the game was filled with brilliant work, but Campbell stands forth as the particular star of the twenty-two men. He gained a place for himself among the great end rushers of football.

Brown, Stillman, and Hallowell were three others prominent in the line. That Hallowell had no kicks blocked was of itself praiseworthy, considering how high the ball was invariably passed to him.

In the back field every man added to his reputation, though Harvard's backs did the more brilliant work in the line-breaking of Ellis and Kendall, the running back of punts by Daly and Sawin, and the end running of the latter. Reid's twisting kicks were so difficult to handle that perhaps had he begun sending them towards Yale's goal earlier something might have happened. Fincke ran his team ably, and was a giant on defence, which, as it turned out, offset his muffing. Summary:

Harvard.	Positions.	Yale.
Campbell, Ristine	Left end	Hubbell
Donald, Eaton	Left tackle	Francis
A. R. Sargent	Left guard	Brown
Burnett	Centre	Hale
Burden (Captain)	Right guard	Olcott
Lawrence	Right tackle	Stillman
Hallowell	Right end	Gibson, Snitzer
Daly	Quarter-back	Fincke
Sawin, Parker	Left half-back	Sharpe, Chadwick
Kendall, Warren	Right half-back	Richards, Keene
Ellis, Reid	Full-back	McBride (Captain)

Score—Harvard, 0; Yale, 0. Referee—Matthew McClung, of Lehigh. Umpire—Paul J. Dashiell, of Johns Hopkins. Time of Halves—Thirty-five minutes. Attendance, 35,000.

PRINCETON largely redeemed the slovenly play which invited defeat at Ithaca, by her victory (12–0) over the Indians on Manhattan Field two weeks later. And it must be frankly acknowledged that to keep the Indians from scoring was no small triumph for Princeton's defence, for there are few elevens which play faster and with such impetuosity as these red men, who had beaten Pennsylvania (16–5) and made ten points against Harvard (10–22).

If the present Carlisle team, which is composed of veterans of long experience, had the strategy and the capacity for quickly meeting emergencies, it would challenge the very leaders of the season.

But it is a question of race. The Indian has not an alert mind, the white man has, and whenever the two are otherwise evenly matched, the latter is sure to win. It is destiny.

There was but one period in the game when the Indians made successive large gains, and that was in the last half, after Princeton had made her second touch-down. From the centre of the field, Seneca and Metoxen, by hard line-bucking chiefly through centre and left guard, carried the ball to Princeton's 35-yard, from where Hudson tried a difficult field-goal and missed.

The Indian rush-line is a powerful one, and withstood Princeton's repeated assaults, until frequent masses upon the right tackle made somewhat of an opening at that point.

Wheelock is another Hare; he was all over the field, on occasions doing the work of guard and tackle and end, all the punting, providing interference, and himself running with the ball.

But Metoxen's plunging was the feature of the day, and the fact that so strong a line-breaker as this Indian—and there is none, I believe, his superior, and only one or two his equal—could make so little impression on the opposing line is significant of Princeton's defence. With scientific support, nothing could stop this Indian from gaining.

NOW although Princeton's defence may be said to have stood the test with entire satisfaction, the character and force of her attack were not of the class to win championships. The best gains—indeed the chief gains—were made around the ends, where strategy and the clever assistance of Poe and Palmer overcame the Indians' speed and strength. But there was very little gained through the line until Carlisle's right tackle and end had been battered into retirement and their places taken by inferior men.

The Princeton backs did not get off sharply, nor the forwards get the jump on the Indians, save at the ends, where Poe and Palmer certainly did brilliant work. McCord was quite the best back Princeton showed—a really good one he is, too—and Kafer was easily second to him.

I very much regret my space leaves me no room to comment, as I had intended, upon the approaching Yale-Princeton game.

In a word—it seems likely to be a contest as close as that of last Saturday—indeed, another tie would not at all surprise me. Princeton's defence appears as strong as Harvard's, but her offence is not nearly so powerful. Yale could not drive through Harvard's line, and Princeton has not shown any attack that will go through Yale's line. Kicking is going to play an important factor in the decision, and here Yale has the better kicker, but Princeton the swifter ends. It seems to be about a stand-off with chances somewhat in Yale's favor.

Cornell-Brown-Lafayette comment postponed to next week.

Caspar Whitney.

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—By W. H. Lewis.—Illustrated.—16mo, Paper, 75 Cents.—Harper & Brothers

MR. DOOLEY*

X.—HE REVIEWS A BOOK

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I just got hold iv a book, Hinnissy, that suits me up to th' handle, a gran' book, th' grandest iver seen. Ye know I'm not much throubled be lithrachoor, havin' manny worries iv me own, but I'm not prejudiced again' books. I am not. Whin a rale good book comes along I'm as quick as anny wan to say it isn't so bad, an' this here book is fine. I tell ye 'tis fine."

"What is it?" Mr. Hennessy asked, languidly.

"'Tis 'Th' Biography iv a Hero be Wan who knows.' 'Tis 'Th' Darin' Exploits iv a Brave Man be an Actual Eye Witness.' 'Tis 'Th' Account iv th' Desthruction iv Spanish Power in th' Ant Hills,' as it fell fr'm th' lips iv Tiddy Rosenfelt an' was took down be his own hands. Ye see, 'twas this way, Hinnissy, as I r-read th' book. Whin Tiddy was blowed up in th' harbor iv Havana he instantly con-cluded there must be war. He debated th' question long an' earnestly, an' fin'lly passed a j'int resolution declarin' war. So far so good. But there was no wan to carry it on. What shud he do? I will lave th' janial author tell the story in his own wurruds.

"'Th' Sicrety iv War had offered me,' he says, 'th' command of a rig'mint,' he says, 'but I cud not consint to remain in Tampa while perhaps less audacious heroes was at th' front,' he says. 'Besides,' he says, 'I felt I was incompetent f'r to command a rig'mint raised be another,' he says. 'I detarmined to raise wan iv me own,' he says. 'I selected fr'm me acquaintances in th' West,' he says, 'men that had thravelled with me acrost th' desert an' th' storm-wreathed mountain,' he says, 'sharin' me burdens, an' at times confrontin' perils almost as gr-reat as anny that beset me path,' he says. 'Together we had faced th' turrors iv th' large but vi'lent West,' he says, 'an' these brave men had seen me with me trusty rifle shootin' down th' buffalo, th' elk, th' moose, th' grizzly bear, th' mountain-goat,' he says, 'th' silver man, an' other ferocious beasts iv thim parts,' he says. 'An' they niver flinched,' he says. 'In a few days I had thim perfectly tamed,' he says, 'an' ready to go annywhere I led,' he says. 'On th' thransport goin' to Cubia,' he says, 'I wud stand beside wan iv these r-rough men, threatin' him as an akel, which he was in ivrything but birth, education, rank, an' courage, an' together we wud look up at th' admirable stars iv that tolerable Southern sky, an' quote th' Bible fr'm Walt Whitman,' he says. 'Honest, loyal, thrue-hearted la-ads, how kind I was to thim!' he says.

"'We had no sooner landed in Cubia than it became necessary f'r me to take command iv th' ar-rmy, which I did at wanst. A number iv days was spint be me in reconnoitring, attinded on'y be me brave an' fluent bodyguard, Richard Harding Davis. I discovered that th' inimy was heavily inthrenched on th' top iv San Juan hill immejiately in front iv me. At this time it became apparent that I was heavily handicapped by th' prisence iv th' ar-rmy,' he says. 'Wan day whin I was about to charge a block-house sturdily definded be an ar-rmy corps undher Gin'ral Tamale, th' brave Castile that I afterwards killed with a small ink-eraser that I always carry, I r-ran into th' entire military force iv th' United States lying on its stomach.

"'"If ye won't fight," says I, "let me go through," I says. "Who ar-re ye?" says they. "Colonel Rosenfelt," says I. "Oh, excuse me," says th' gin'ral in command (if me mimry serves me thrue, it was Miles), r-risin' to his knees an' salutin'. This showed me 'twud be impossible f'r to carry th' war to a successful con-clusion unless I was free, so I sint th' ar-rmy home an' attackted San Juan hill. Ar-rmed on'y with a small thirty-two which I used in th' West to shoot th' fleet prairie-dog, I climbed that precipitous ascent in th' face iv th' most galling fire I iver knew or heard iv. But I had a few r-rounds iv gall mesilf, an' what cared I? I dashed madly on, cheerin' as I wint. Th' Spanish troops was dhrawn up in a long line, in th' formation known among military men as a long line. I fired at th' man nearest to me, an' I knew be th' expression iv his face that th' trusty bullet wint home. It passed through his frame, he fell, an' wan little home in far-off Catalonia was made happy be th' thought that their riprisintative had been kilt be th' future Governor iv New York. Th' bullet sped on its mad flight an' passed through th' intire line, fin'lly imbeddin' itself in th' abdomen iv th' Ar-rchbishop iv Santiago, eight miles away. This ended th' war.

"'They has been some discussion as to who was th' first man to r-reach th' summit iv San Juan hill. I will not attempt to dispute th' merits iv th' manny gallant sojers, statesmen, corryspondints, an' kinetoscope men who claim th' distinction. They ar're all brave men, an' if they wish to wear my laurels, they may. I have so manny, annyhow, that it keeps me broke havin' thim blocked an' irned. But I will say, f'r th' binifit iv posterity, that I was th' on'y man I see. An' I had a tiliscope.'

"I have thried, Hinnissy," Mr. Dooley continued, "to give you a fair idee iv th' contints iv this remarkable book, b't what I've tol' ye is on'y what Hogan calls an outline iv th' principal p'ints. Ye'll have to r-read th' book ye'ersilf to get a thrue conciption. I haven't time f'r to tell ye th' wurruk Tiddy did in ar-rmin' an' equippin' himsilf, how he fed himsilf, how he steadied himsilf in battle an' encouraged himsilf with a few well-chosen wurruds whin th' sky was darkest. Ye'll have to take a squint into th' book ye'ersilf to larn thim things."

"I won't do it," said Mr. Hennessy. "I think Tiddy Rosenfelt is all r-right, an' if he wants to blow his hor-rn, lave him do it."

"Thrue f'r ye," said Mr. Dooley, "an' if his valliant deeds didn't get into this book, 'twud be a long time befure they appeared in Shafter's histhry iv th' war. No man that bears a gredge again' himsilf 'll iver be Governor iv a State. An' if Tiddy done it all, he ought to say so an' relieve th' suspinse. But if I was him I'd call th' book 'Alone in Cubia.'"

F. P. DUNNE.

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News of Warfare

I.—THE PHILIPPINES

AS the WEEKLY foretold in its last issue, there have been developments of uncommon interest in the Luzon campaign. On Tuesday, November 7, General Wheaton's command was landed, in the face of a rather feeble opposition, at San Fabian, a fishing-village about ten miles northeast of Dagúpan, on the Gulf of Lingayen. Moving southward from that point, in pursuance of the plan to surround the remnant of the Filipino army of the north, the Thirty-third Volunteers came upon a force of 1200 insurgents intrenched near San Jacinto. Here, the forces being about equal in numbers and the Filipino position very strong, a sharp engagement took place on November 12. The enemy was routed, leaving eighty-one dead in the trenches, while on our side seven were killed and twelve wounded. Among those killed was Major John A. Logan, Jr., who fell while "gallantly leading his battalion," as General Otis says in a despatch to the War Department. On the same day MacArthur's advance entered Tarlac, the abandoned Filipino capital, the enemy having fled so quietly, after sending away his force little by little in various directions, that no clew was afforded to Aguinaldo's place of retreat.

Meantime General MacArthur's main body of troops, with artillery and quartermaster's transportation, had moved up along the line of the railroad as far as Capas, and while the advance was pushed forward to prevent the enemy from destroying the road, many deserters came into headquarters, reporting that the scattered insurgent bands had begun to suffer from lack of provisions. Some of Lawton's cavalry in the region northeast of Tarlac captured Aguinaldo's private secretary, with several officers, and nearly a half-battalion of bolomen, who were transporting the Filipino leader's property over the mountains. General Young, with the Third Cavalry and Macabebe scouts, followed by a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry, by forced marches arrived at points near the Agno River—San José, Lupao, San Quentin, and the Tayug Road—scattering the enemy, and driving the garrisons southwestward. Wessels, with a squadron of cavalry, captured insurgents' supply depot at Tayug, where they found a number of Spanish and two American prisoners. General Otis, in his despatch of November 13, expressed the belief that Young had established communication with Wheaton's troops, and added: "Indications are that insurgents will not escape to mountain capital at Bayombong without great difficulty and loss, if at all. . . . Our troops have suffered great hardships, and have performed most severe service, but are reported in excellent condition and spirits. The enterprise and indomitable will displayed by officers never excelled." Again on November 14 the official despatch informed us that Lawton had reached San José, and had reported that in the vicinity of San Nicolas (which lies directly east of Dagúpan, and distant about thirty miles) Wessels captured thirteen carts carrying the insurgent War Department's records and the printing-press of the insurgent newspaper.

In brief, then, our troops had carried out their part of the programme for the week, in taking possession of all the exits from the Tarlac district which were commonly known to exist; and in view of the heavy roads and the difficult country to be traversed the promptness of their movements had been admirable. It was evident, also, that the heaviest blow had been struck which the Filipino cause had yet sustained. Still, it remained to be seen whether Aguinaldo would accept the rôle of a captive, that had been assigned to him.

There were some signs of hostile activity south of Manila at this time; and on the island of Panay, General Hughes was directing operations, not yet decisive, against the insurgents near Ilo Ilo.

II.—SOUTH AFRICA

Interest in the Boer war crystallized about three points, where stout and successful resistance was being offered by British garrisons—the three strongholds, Mafeking, beyond the western border of the Transvaal,

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

SUMMER FEEDING

FOR infants necessitates the greatest caution and careful study of conditions. Care in diet, first and last. The use of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has largely simplified this problem. Beware of unknown brands. Get the Best.—[*Adv.*]

ATTRACTIVE WINTER FASHIONS.

DISPLAY of Women's and Children's Wear—Imported Novelties.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., Broadway and Nineteenth Street, New York, are making a display of the imported fall and winter styles in women's wear that is attracting considerable attention. Lace novelties in neckwear, which always appeal to the feminine heart, are found on the first floor. Renaissance lace scarfs and stocks add a touch of elegance to any costume, and the new crepe scarfs, embroidered and printed in Persian pattern and colors, please the artistic taste. A complete stock of all the novelties in stocks, ties, and bows is to be seen in the neckwear department, which includes the ever-popular Renaissance pattern, Point d'Arabie, Escurial, Maltese, and Cluny. Separate bits of lace for applique decoration are shown in dainty butterfly pattern, bow-knot, rose, and other effects.

There is also a variety of the all-over lace robes and spangled and net dresses. Dainty tea gowns, wrappers, silk petticoats, and fine lingerie are shown in the latest Paris styles. The ladies' tea gowns display some novel and beautiful effects. In infants' wear the store has every requisite for a complete outfit; dainty little robes, flannels, and cloaks, and, for children, walking-coats, caps, and hats of all kinds are exhibited. Ceintures and ribbon corsets, all hand-made, display some novel effects.

A handsome costume of French importation is of biscuit-colored cloth, with silk braiding and large collar and revers of Persian lamb. The newest driving-coats and paletots are made with loose back.

A carriage wrap of heliotrope cloth is embroidered in heliotrope silk and has a white Marie Antoinette hood, bordered with feathers.

A pretty dancing-gown is of white point d'esprit over white tulle, with flounces of lace on the skirt and underruffles of chiffon. The low bodice is worn over a chiffon guimpe.

A fine assortment of waists for dinner and theatre wear is shown, and the display of rich furs includes sets of Russian sable, silver fox, broadtail, and mink. —[*Adv.*]

INTERIOR telephone systems installed by the NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY may be made to form part of the general New York City Telephone System by the adoption of the Private Branch Exchange Service. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street.—[*Adv.*]

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THE PIONEER LIMITED.—Only Perfect Train in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Address for free illustrated, descriptive booklet, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. —[*Adv.*]

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DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, is used all over the world.—[*Adv.*]

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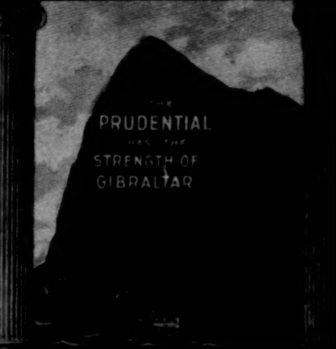

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3 Good Books for Boys & Girls.

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A good healthy story of the days of Frederick the Great, which will be enjoyed by readers of all ages. The hero is a "dashing rattling fellow of infinite courage, and well acquainted with some of the greatest spirits of the age."

THE ROCK OF THE LION. Illustrated by A. I. KELLER. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

The book is written with much dash and spirit, as well as with painstaking accuracy. —*N. Y. Times.*

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Virginia cavalier is the title under which George Washington as a youth is presented to us. Some of the incidents of his boyhood and early manhood are told in a picturesque way, and the spirit and manners of the time are well shown forth.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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Kimberley, similarly placed with reference to the Orange Free State, and Ladysmith in Natal. The Boer invasion of Cape Colony south of the Free State could not be regarded as a serious affair, and the great fleet of transports carrying the British army corps were already landing their thousands at Cape Town or Durban. The only question was, would these garrisons hold out until re-enforcements from the south should drive the beleaguering troops back over the border, and put them in their turn on the defensive?

The bombardment of Kimberley began on November 7. The first despatch told of no damage, no casualties; later we heard that the mines in that neighborhood had been injured more or less; but the general ineffectiveness of the Boer artillery permitted those who were besieged to retain such a cheerful disposition that weddings, vineyard-planting, and dinner parties were made items in the budget of news from the town—perhaps somewhat ostentatiously.

At Mafeking fighting had been an almost daily occurrence during the latter part of October and the first week in November; there the attacks had been far more vigorous, and the defence, under Colonel Baden-Powell, correspondingly spirited. The latest news, however, pointed to the conclusion that General Cronje's troops were still somewhat disheartened by their severe repulse and heavy loss on October 31. There seemed to be doubt as to their ability to pluck up courage for another attempt to rush the British position. After the many recent victories scored by American soldiers in Cuba and the Philippines against an intrenched enemy it was especially interesting to note that first-class troops with skilfully served artillery in such a situation cannot be dislodged save by an overwhelming force and at a terrible sacrifice of life.

From Ladysmith the latest trustworthy news received up to November 15 related to the continuance of an ineffective bombardment. On the same day there were rumors that the Free-Staters in more than one quarter were tired of the fighting. Meanwhile General Lord Methuen, commander of the first division of the army corps, had started north by train, accompanied by his staff; about 19,000 of General Buller's men had arrived at the Cape, and more than 5000 had landed at Durban.

III.—COLOMBIA

On November 15 it was reported in Washington that an application for annexation to the United States had been made by the Department of Panamá, one of the political subdivisions of the Republic of Colombia, and by way of supplement to this interesting bit of news we were informed that, although Panamá has refused to recognize the authority of the Colombian government, and there has been much internal trouble on that account, "so far the state has not been able to establish an independent government, and as it has no sovereign rights, the United States cannot regard the application seriously."

In the same issue of the daily papers reference was made to a rebellion in Colombia, with mention of localities as the scene of conflict which, we fancy, some of our readers might have difficulty in recognizing as inland towns in departments rather remote from that neck of land which was described as seeking a new governmental yoke. The fact is, one could hardly put together in grammatical dependence words which would convey less of positive information than these, exactly taken from despatches: "General Sarria has gone from Buenaventura to Tumaco with a force of government troops;" "Official advices from Buenaventura state that there have been several engagements in the interior departments between the government and revolutionary forces, in which the rebels were defeated. Battles were fought in Lerida and Tocaima. In the latter place General Zinon Figueredo was killed and several prisoners taken. In Piedracuesta and Bucaramanga, Generals Raminez Melendez and Vicente Villamizar, leading the government troops, are said to have defeated the insurgents under Generals Paradilla and Fraser. The latter was killed in action."

But the affairs of a country through whose northern department the isthmian canal is to be cut cannot be made ridiculous by puzzle telegrams, and we should at least try to lay hold on the main facts of the situation in Colombia.

The revolution, which is now nearly ended, broke out on the 19th of October, in the departments of Santander and Bolívar, the leader in Santander being General Ruiz, while a man staggering under the name of Vengoechea contrived mischief in Bolívar. Both of these gentlemen, as members of the Radical-Liberal party, were sworn enemies of the party in power—the Nationalists. The cause of the revolution may be stated very briefly as follows:

Up to 1886 the government of Colombia was federal—that is, each separate department was practically a sovereign state, with its own military establishment, and power to make war freely, even upon the central government. In 1886 President Nuñez took away this dangerous privilege. Using the terms with which our own political history has familiarized us, we should say that he stood for centralization as against states' rights. Since the year mentioned, in which he succeeded in enforcing his doctrines, there has been only one outbreak (in 1895), which was checked in a single month. The present rebellion is a new effort put forth by the Liberal party, or the States' Rights party, as we should say, to obtain control of the government. The standing army at the government's disposal in times of peace numbers about ten thousand men. Probably this force has been increased to twenty-five or thirty thousand in the present emergency. Opposed to these troops are about five hundred men under Vengoechea and two thousand under Ruiz. The venerable President, Señor Sanclemente, has given notice that the revolutionists will be severely treated, and there is no reason to fear a recurrence of the disorders which have marred some of the previous administrations. Happily, a review of Colombian history shows that there has been a tendency towards a more stable order. Since 1819, when New Granada united with Venezuela and Ecuador to form the first Republic of Colombia (Venezuela and Ecuador resuming their separate existence in 1831), there have been eight civil wars, insurrections, and revolutionary "disturbances"; but in spite of all this turmoil the sentiment of nationality has attained a vigorous growth, and the principle of national union has superseded the loose federation. Decidedly, we have now to deal with a national government rather than with any "political subdivision" whatever; and Colombia's efforts to restore and maintain tranquillity within her borders should have our approval as well as our attention.

IV.—VENEZUELA

Hostilities in Venezuela are less interesting, for the reason that the contest in this case is not for the establishment of a principle, but for the advancement of one leader, with his partisans, at the expense of another—a mere personal dispute, with deplorable consequences, as we shall see.

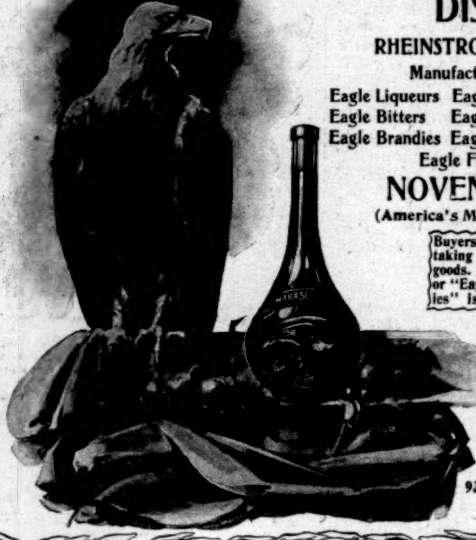
When Ignacio Andrade was elected to the Presidency he found himself called upon to reckon not only with the people whom his tyrannical measures antagonized, and with General Hernandez, the defeated candidate, but with a more capable man still—a certain provincial leader in Los Andes, a region of the southwest, bordering on Colombia. This man, Cipriano Castro, put himself at the head of the forces of opposition, and from Andes marched (as only Bolívar had succeeded in doing before him) across the country to Valencia. After severe fighting Valencia was taken. Towards the end of September and in the first week of October negotiations began between Castro and President Andrade, whose forces were concentrated at Caracas and Puerto Cabello. But the defections from the government side were so numerous that Andrade found himself obliged to give way, and sending his bodyguard to Maracaibo, he took ship for Barbados on October 22; thence he sailed for Puerto Rico, where he is at present. Vice-President Rodriguez, meeting the demands of the situation in a rather cheerful spirit, called the successful revolutionist to the capital, and, on October 23, transferred the cares of government to Castro's shoulders. Hernandez, although appointed a member of Castro's cabinet, promptly revolted, and was defeated in two engagements within a week. Then it was found that the deposed President had instructed one of his generals, named Paredes, to hold the town of Puerto Cabello at any cost. Paredes accordingly refused the demand made upon him by Castro to surrender, and on November 10 the attack began. Desultory fighting continued until Sunday morning, November 12, when a fierce struggle took place. About three hundred men were killed. Castro's forces captured Puerto Cabello, and will hold it while they may.

MARRION WILCOX.

Charlotte Corday

THERE have recently appeared some minutely interesting personal souvenirs of Charlotte Corday, whose actual name, by-the-bye, was far less democratic than it is ordinarily written, being in reality de Corday-d'Armont. Madame de Maromme is the source whence these new souvenirs have been drawn. She died not so very long ago, and in her youth she knew Charlotte well. Madame de Maromme declares that there is no truth in the romance that Charlotte had been in love with the young Vicomte de Belsunce, and that it was in vengeance of his untimely fate that she assassinated Marat. In the first place, M. de Belsunce met his fate at the hands of a mob—a populace that had lost its senses; and Marat had no more to do with the young man's death than had Charlemagne.

In second consideration, Charlotte de Corday was not in love with anybody—in fact, was one of those young women who are not born with a gift for love. She was exalted, slightly visionary; her whole mind turned to abstract and impersonal subjects of enthusiasm. She always declared that marriage was not for her, and that she had other interests at heart than a wife's narrow career. She refused several desirable offers, and avoided social life tending toward those considerations. She went toward her fate expecting it, and fully prepared to meet it as the only fulfilment of life for her.



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BY CASPAR WHITNEY

EVOLUTION is always an interesting study, and the annual horse show in New York has provided absorbing phases for our contemplation, because its development has touched both man and beast. In evolution, too, there is almost invariable encouragement; for evolution is progression—and progression is the trade-mark of this century.

It is hard to realize that the Park Commissioners about twenty years ago were actually thinking of closing the bridle-paths in Central Park; it seems beyond belief, too, that in 1875, or thereabouts, a man first rode a bicycle through the streets of New York—and was arrested; yet both statements are literally true.

Perhaps ten years hence, when automobiles will have taken the place of horses for city use, we will regard with equal incredulity their present forbiddance to the Park—though most of us now agree upon the wisdom of the Commissioners' ruling.

Maybe there will be no horse show when that day of automobiles comes upon us—though I am not one who subscribes to the possibility of the horseless age. We need the automobile in the city for the same reason that we needed the electric in place of the horse car—because it is swifter, occupies less space, and more fully supplies the requirements of a great, hurrying, contracted, and busy city. As a mere vehicle of transportation in town, no doubt the auto-wagon will increase, until its use becomes general; it may become a fad for a time even in the country; but it will never supplant the horse among that large and growing number who view him as an instrument of pleasure, recreation, or sport.

Those who drive and ride have steadily increased in number, despite the bicycle and the ever-expanding trolley; and they will continue growing, even in face of the oncoming automobile.

The horse show is conducive to reminiscence. I never sit in my seat, feasting upon the magnificent creatures as they are brought into the judging-ring, and note the very general correctness of form, without drawing a mental picture of the horses and form seen in the old Madison Square Garden in the early days of the National Horse Show Association, and—yes, in the first years of the new Garden.

In 1876, when the Coaching Club held its first meet, no Barnum-circus parade ever created more open-eyed wonder along the crowded sidewalks than those pioneer fours.

It is only sixteen years ago that there were no horse shows in America, and, outside the racing-stables and some Southern saddle-horse breeders, no especially concerted movement for the improvement of horseflesh.

The example of the Coaching Club, and the influence of its sport-loving members, really created the first stir for better horseflesh and improved form. The hunt clubs, that were the real forerunners of our present luxurious and health-distributing country clubs, also exercised a strong influence in this direction, and there grew a small but active coterie of horse-lovers in New York and its

immediate vicinity that nourished the affection and bent all energy for its expansion.

Finally there came the first horse show, in 1883, with 600 entries, and $10,000 offered in prizes. It was a successful show, and one to be proud of sixteen years ago, when any horse that would carry a man without endangering his life was considered a first-class saddle animal. But the quality of its winners could not to-day secure a ribbon at any first-class show in America.

Beyond the broad divisions of draught and carriage and saddle horses there were no distinctions in those days. Type had no significance for the judge, or if it had he was unable to give official expression to his thought. That a horse be tractable in harness or docile under the saddle was the main desideratum; and the same horse might win ribbons in both divisions, and no rule of the Association be violated.

From the very start the show attracted every one hereabouts who cared for horse-flesh, and after a time it began to attract that portion of the public who are wont to gape at those who figure in the world of fashion. Newspaper reporters industriously worked this feature of the exhibition, and it came to pass that the annual horse-show week seemed to be regarded chiefly as the occasion for a display of millinery.

But those who during these years forsook the human merry-go-round upstairs and went down into the stalls were not deceived as to the real significance of the outpouring—for the horses were improving.

This view of the show as a human parade-ground reached its height in '93, when the sale of spectators' boxes brought $54,000—$800 being paid for choice—and $35,000 in prizes was distributed among the winning owners—among 1000 entries.

But that was the limit. The needed reaction speedily set in. Year by year change has been making in the ring and around it, in quality, in judgment, in public attitude toward the show, and in 1899 there are 715 entries, $30,000 in prizes, and the sale of boxes brought $18,000.

This means that interest is decreasing, not in the horses, but in the show as a fashionable resort. The percentage of those who view themselves as a part of the week's exhibit is growing smaller, while those who really care for the horses are attending in increasing numbers.

So too have the entries changed from their one-time purely local character and restriction to few types. In earlier days of the show hackneys and hunters were seen in greatest numbers, and given the largest prizes; latterly all types are represented among the entries, with equal interest in the prize-money, and this year the hackney and hunter classes are the least notable of the show.

How great has been the improvement in quality of horseflesh, as marked by the successive shows at the Garden, seems almost incredible. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that the blue-ribbon winners in almost any class—certainly in the majority of classes—of even so comparatively recent a show as that of '93 would, no doubt, in the majority of instances, get the gate in '99.

And this is particularly true of the saddle and harness classes. Indeed, we need not go back so far as '93 to provide convincing illustration of this advance; last year the horses which had won the championships one and two years before were overshadowed by several new aspirants for honors, and the animal which won its saddle-class championship last year has not yet (November 16) received a ribbon of any color in the show of '99.

Considerable improvement in the saddle classes is more recent than in any other seen at the show—and for that reason more gratifying. For years the horse-show saddler has been of excellent blood but rather nondescript type. Judges appeared to materially differ as to types. In fact, we of the North have only begun to know what a real saddle animal is. In the South, where such horses have been bred for generations, there is no such uncertainty of judgment. In the South, and in the West too, the average of riding skill is higher than it is in the East. And this applies to the women as well as to the men. Their habits and breeches may not disclose the latest cut, perhaps—but their seat is firmer, and they can go a journey without giving the horse a sore back.

Saddle-horses hereabouts have always shown conformation and style, and are just now beginning to show manners and gait—their weakest point, and hitherto of apparently no importance in the eyes of the judge.

Carriage-horses have improved at a faster rate, because, first, there has been more intelligence in the judging, more insistence on type, and, second, because of the greater popularity of this class and the abundant opportunity offered for the display of lavish expenditure. For a few years beginning with '92, while the hackney craze possessed some of the gentlemen closely identified with the upbreeding of the American carriage-horse, progress in these classes rather halted, while the new type was exploited; but within the three recent years which have marked the decline of the hackney, that lost time has been more than made up.

In a word, slowly at first, though steadily, and with a rush in the last three years, the average grade of horse at the show has reached a degree of excellence which makes the New York exhibition more impressive both in number and in quality than is the annual show in London. And this great work of the Association has encountered difficulties wellnigh insurmountable. To weed out, to harmonize jarring elements, and yet each year to make a decided improvement on the preceding one, as has been the case, was by no means a simple task. But it is this adherence to type which has raised the New York show and its awards from local to national significance.

Perhaps no less notable than the improvement in horseflesh has been the improvement in character and finish of traps generally, and in the form in which they are turned out. A few years ago there seemed a tendency in some directions to the over-ornamentation of harness, but the vulgar tendency appears to be disappearing. Ostentatious display can almost invariably be depended on to indicate newness of possession, as well as vulgarity.

Not the least estimable part of the service rendered American horse-breeding by the National Association has been in its rôle of, first, pioneer, and then of adviser to the numberless shows that have sprung up throughout the country.

It is not more than ten years ago, I think, that outside of New York there were no annual exhibitions of horses to be seen, save at the county fairs, which have been an honored institution of suburban life time out of mind. Bostonians and Philadelphians carried away from New York the spirit of emulation—and what their respective shows have done for local horseflesh the triumph of these out-of-town horsemen last week in the Madison Square Garden attests—and after them others took up the idea, until to-day, East and West, there is not a section which does not have its annual show; Chicago (irregularly, strangely enough, where there are so many really good animals), St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, San Francisco—each has its Association; not to mention countless country fairs of the modern type, which are really an excuse for a show of horses. The direct result of these shows is of course to stimulate breeding, and breeders, in their turn, are stirred to unusual efforts by the recognition of their stock in the judging-ring.

Thus in time the New York show has become cosmopolitan in entries and in spectators—national, in fact.

The most impressive feature of the National Association's fifteenth show, held November 13-18, was the unmistakable subordination of the types that appeal to the few to the types that appeal to the many. The day was when hackney and hunter classes appeared to be about the only ones in the show. Last week, however, they not only attracted the least attention, but they made the poorest exhibition of any of the classes in the catalogue. So far as the hunters are concerned, a little of this falling off is explained by the Association's new and very desirable rule which provides that "no horse having taken a first prize in the hunter or jumping classes at any of the Association's previous shows can be entered in the hunter classes," and which barred out many well-known animals. Still, it is a notable fact that, in all the eleven hunter classes, the names of not more than three or four members of hunt clubs were to be found among the entries—and this is taking into account the Corinthian and champion classes in which previous winners were eligible. There were, to be sure, a few very good hunters scattered through these classes, but the majority were by no means an exceptional lot—were, in fact, well below the average—and entered, no doubt, simply because the Association was good enough to offer generous prizes—and of course some one must have them.

The fact is that the hunter classes are and have been always, in number and in prizes, out of all proportion to the utility of and interest in the hunter—grand horse as he is. There are only seven active hunt clubs in the entire country tributary to the New York show—and only three of these have ever supported with entries the Association's efforts to encourage the type with which they are particularly concerned. A reduction of the present number of classes by half should be made before another year.

Nothing so emphasized the subsidence of the hackney fad as the surprisingly poor display in the class "for registered or half-registered hackneys, mares or geldings, three years old and over, bred in America, to be shown in harness." This was a special class for the "Breeders' Challenge Cup, value $500," yet only five animals appeared, and only two of those held the attention of horsemen. It was indeed a sorry showing for the thousands of dollars that have been invested in this type since first it was introduced here a few years ago, heralded as certain immediately to exalt the breed of American carriage-horses to planes beyond our ken. The breed of our carriage-horse has indeed been raised, but not by the hackney with its bull-neck and choppy action. There have been some exceptional individuals of this type—two or three were seen in the Garden this year—but in the main the hackney's influence on our carriage stock has been inconsequential.

But the most noticeable advance seen this year is in the saddle classes. It seemed last week as though, almost for the first time, not only had the judge a type in mind, but one also had been in the mind of those who entered their horses. That job lot of saddle-horses to which we had so long been accustomed—weight-carrier, thick-shouldered little cob, the rakish hunter—some with mouths

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and no manners, and others without either—had vanished, and in their place were classes of really good animals, nearly all making for the one type.

There seems yet need of more definite understanding of the qualifications required of a lady's mount—but that will come in time. Meanwhile the saddle classes of '99 were a treat, and ably judged.

Last week's show also emphasized the continuous improvement making in the pony classes—though it seemed to me one or two of the awards under saddle strayed outside the true pony type, which from the breeding point of view is to be deplored. The only salvation of purity in this or other classes is to hold tenaciously to the type.

In the pony stallion class (other than Shetlands) "not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, to be shown with three of their get," two great little animals materialized in Kasim and Eclipse. In short bursts of speed around the ring the latter was more showy, as was his get, but there were suggestions of a long, clean, out-reaching stride in Kasim's performance which, together with his greater substance, made him my choice. The get of Eclipse, however, made a fine showing, and undoubtedly won the ribbon for their sire.

The quality of the trotting classes was quite up to the usual high average in numbers and breeding, with Colonel Kip carrying off chief honors, and, as usual too, trotters absorbed the roadster classes.

The National Association's idea of a roadster is absurd and purely local. Nowhere else on earth would the Association's type of roadster be accepted. Perhaps some day we may see a genuine roadster class established. Certainly there is need of it.

The thoroughbred class was a miserable showing for this great racing country—only three entries, and but one up to expectations.

The harness classes were simply magnificent. I regret my space does not permit of detailed comment; but to say that in the challenge-cup class there were certainly two—Red Cloud and Lord Chesterfield—that quite outpointed the winner of last year—Lady Ursula—and several others—Glorious, Paul, Sampson, and perhaps The Demon—fully as good as that handsome mare—is to give adequate idea of the quality of '99.

The pairs and fours were nearly as high class, and the average of all somewhat an improvement on last year; but in fours there is certainly a falling off in number of exhibitors, especially among amateurs. And this is particularly so of the Park teams, which have dwindled to a paltry five entries—two of them from dealers—whereas a few years ago this class brought out twice as many gentlemen whips and was one of the features of the week.

It is surprising and regrettable that in these days of public coaching more interest is not taken in the strictly road-coach class, where appointments and changing of teams are considered in awarding the prize. Yet the class this year had but two entries—both dealers. No wonder the Coaching Club has fallen into a decline, if the active interest of its members in four-in-hand driving is to be judged by recent exhibitions at the Garden!

The tandem class seems to have degenerated into simply another class for the further display of horses that have already performed, singly or in pairs or as leaders of fours.

It really is too bad stricter lines cannot be drawn for tandems, the average of which I am inclined to think has fallen. Not the quality of the individual animals shown has suffered—on the contrary, in common with that of all carriage horses, it has been raised; but of tandem teams pure and simple there are unquestionably fewer of the first class than four or five years ago. These are decidedly lacking in training.

Nowadays the provisions of the tandem classes refer chiefly to the height of the horses shown—they must be under or over so many hands high—but the wheeler may kick the dasher off the cart, or the leader turn about and "wink the other eye" at his driver—and the chances of the team for a ribbon be not impaired. The leader of a tandem should be a bit lighter and smaller than the wheeler; yet a pair—which of course should absolutely match—is made over into a tandem. In fact, we see the same horse in so many classes that his qualities pall on us before the week's end.

The average of driving is not much better than the manners of the teams; really high-class tandem amateur whips appear to be growing scarce at the Garden, though skill in the driving of both fours and tandems is, throughout the country, considerable and increasing.

The most gratifying feature of the show was the distinct separation of the saddle and harness types. At last, after long years of waiting, the same horse is not now entered in both saddle and harness classes.

One of the harness classes on the week's programme was declared "open to dealers only." Considering that the dealers are gradually absorbing the show, their protection against the rapidly diminishing amateur was somewhat mirth-provoking.

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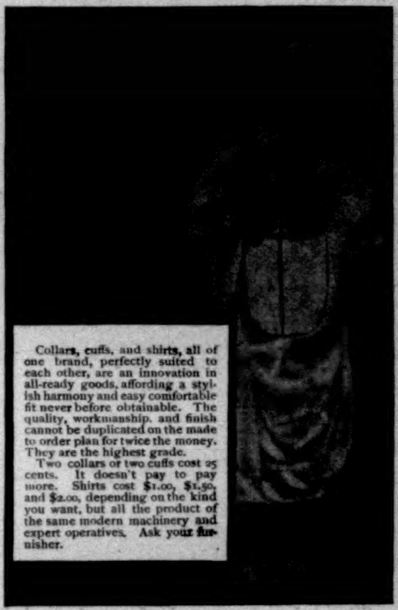

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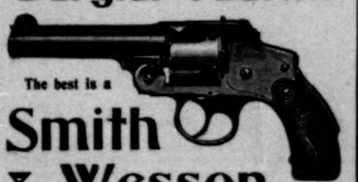

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Some important developments have taken place lately in the railway world—one of the most important being a compromise with the committee of the Boston and Albany stockholders, who objected to the terms of the lease to the New York Central. The lease as modified is for 99 instead of 999 years, and the New York Central is to guarantee 8 per cent. on the Boston and Albany stock, as originally proposed, and will pay $5,000,000 in its 3½-per-cent. debenture bonds, instead of $4,000,000 for certain properties not included in the lease. This agreement settles what promised to be a vexatious suit, on terms that look fair to both sides, and adds greatly to the New York Central system, giving it an entrance into Boston, and an interest in valuable terminals in that city. Another important event was the announcement that the bankers who have brought to a successful readjustment the affairs of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific railroad companies have purchased for themselves and friends the blocks of Southern Pacific stocks that were owned by California interests. It had been believed that such a purchase had been made, but the official announcement was followed by a sharp advance in the stock both here and in the London market. In recent years there has been such want of harmony among the leading stockholders that it is a matter of congratulation that the control of the properties is now lodged in such able hands, and the result will doubtless be seen in their prosperous future. Railway returns in general reflect continued activity in business all over the country, but there is still complaint of lack of cars. This is felt by the soft-coal roads, and creates embarrassment to their customers in many instances. It is a condition that is rapidly improving, however, and the outlook for the bituminous coal trade is better than for a long time, while the anthracite situation is entirely satisfactory. Iron and steel plants are running to their full capacity, but there is some talk of less profit, on account of increased cost of raw material. This should not give cause for uneasiness, however, for the high prices are putting more furnaces in blast, and the margin of profit in present prices for the manufactured article is large enough to show handsome returns.